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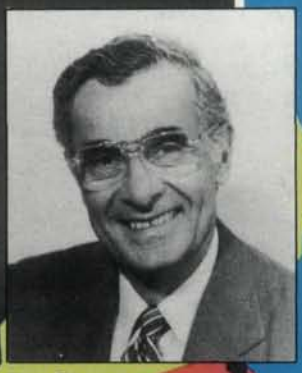
NOVEMBER 16, 1984

HE FINAL DEBATE
—An editorial

NATIONAL REVIEW

SIX HOT ONES



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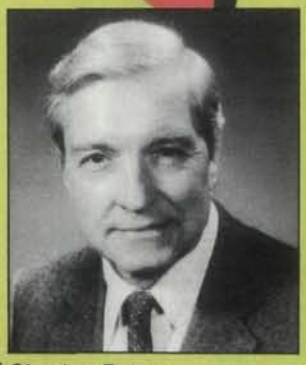

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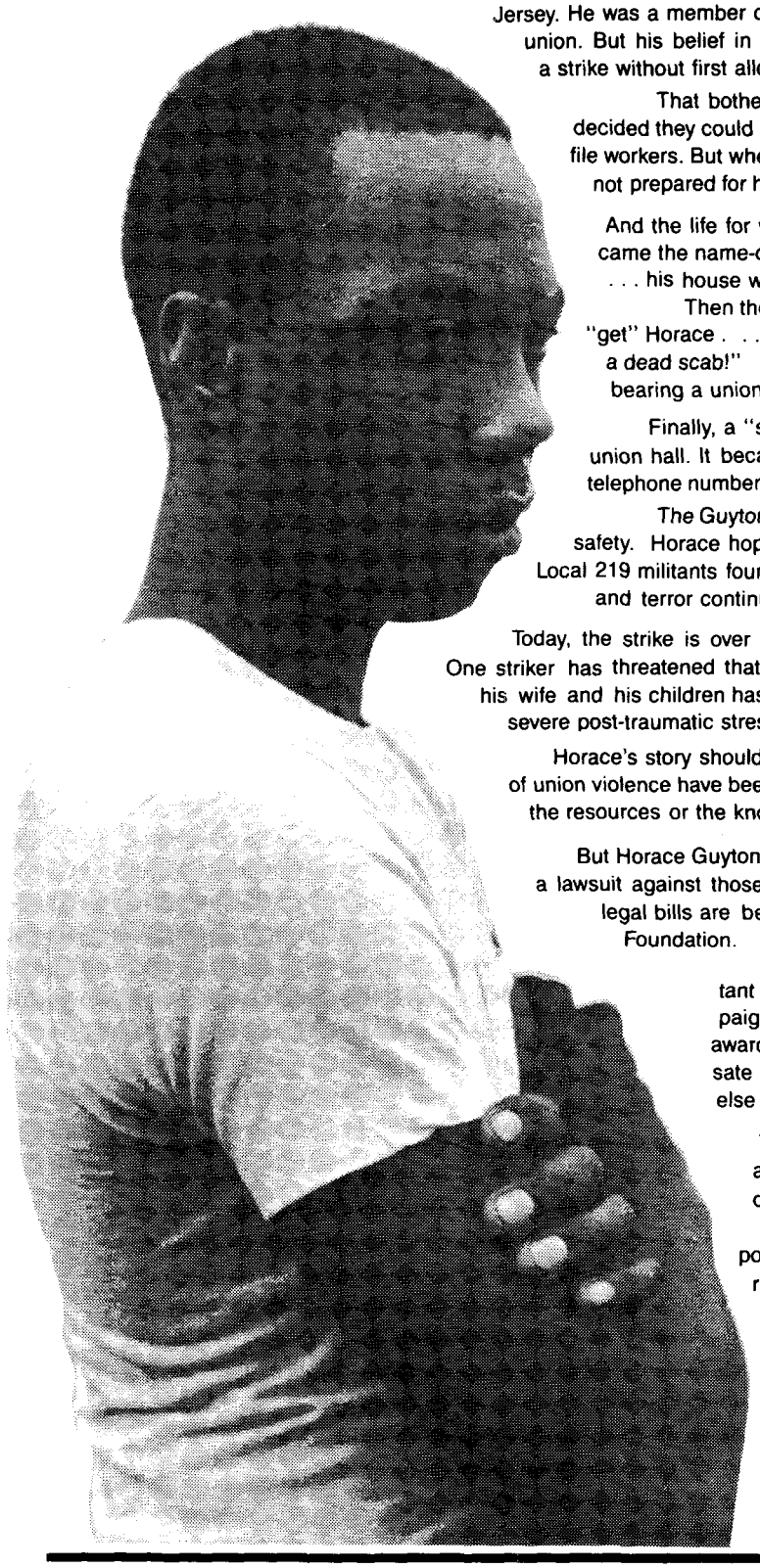
He made his union's hit list.

Horace Guyton lived an ordinary life until one day in May 1983. That's the day he crossed a union picket line, and the day the safe, comfortable life he'd built for his wife and three children began to crumble around him.



Horace worked as a janitor at the Wheaton Industries plant in Millville, New Jersey. He was a member of Local 219 of the Glass, Pottery, Plastics and Allied Workers' union. But his belief in his union's leadership was challenged when officials ordered a strike without first allowing the rank-and-file to vote on it.

That bothered Horace and several other workers. So much so that they decided they could not support a strike not authorized or approved by the rank-and-file workers. But when Horace and the other employees returned to work, they were not prepared for how far Local 219 militants would go to enforce their strike order.

And the life for which Horace had worked so hard came tumbling down. First came the name-calling . . . "Scab!" . . . "Nigger!" . . . Then the mental torment . . . his house was watched . . . his wife was followed and photographed.

Then the physical threats . . . a striker brandishing a stick threatened to "get" Horace . . . a man in a car pointed a shotgun at him, yelling "Bam! You're a dead scab!" . . . Horace was struck by a brick hurled from a passing truck bearing a union's name.

Finally, a "scab" list was circulated among the strikers and posted in the union hall. It became known as the "Hit List." It listed the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the workers who had returned to work.

The Guyton family was finally forced to move their family home for their own safety. Horace hoped their new location would protect his wife and children. But Local 219 militants found their new home, and updated their Hit List. The harassment and terror continued.

Today, the strike is over but Horace's ordeal is not. He is still greeted by racial slurs. One striker has threatened that the Guyton family is "dead." The constant fear for himself, his wife and his children has taken its toll. Horace has been diagnosed as suffering from a severe post-traumatic stress disorder.

Horace's story should be unique, but it's not. Since 1975, more than 4100 incidents of union violence have been reported in the nation's press. Most of the victims don't have the resources or the know-how to fight back.

But Horace Guyton found a way. He and two co-workers have banded together in a lawsuit against those who orchestrated the campaign of terror against them. Their legal bills are being paid by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.

The workers are charging Local 219 officials and some militant members with organizing, conducting and condoning a campaign of harassment and violence. They intend to ask the court to award them in excess of $400,000 in damages to somehow compensate for their suffering. They hope such an award will deter anyone else from using violence to carry out union officials' demands.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is doing all it can to help Horace Guyton and other victims of the abuses of forced unionism. It is supporting more than 250 cases involving union violence, illegal spending of forced union fees for politics, academic and political freedom, andother basic workers rights that are violated by compulsory unionism abuses.

Horace didn't start out to be a hero. But he ended up one. If you'd like to help other workers like Horace Guyton and want to know more about the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, please call or write us today.

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LETTERS

Aggressive Reporting

My feelings on reading your stories on Afghanistan [Nov. 2] were mixed. I was distressed by the atrocities the Soviets are committing—designing mines to attract and injure small children, for example. But I was glad to see *NR* reporting on the situation. I have seen so little on the subject in the media as a whole. American journalists, I fear, are cowards —afraid to face either the dangers of Afghanistan or, perhaps, the truth about the nature of Soviet aggression. In contrast, I just read in the *New York Times* that a French journalist is facing Soviet prosecution for daring to follow the resistance in Afghanistan. Apparently, French journalists are bringing out enough damaging information that the Soviets feel they must make an example of one. And the Soviet ambassador to Pakistan told two French journalists, "I warn you and, through you, all of your colleagues: Stop trying to penetrate Afghanistan with the so-called guerrillas. From now on, the bandits and the so-called journalists accompanying them will be killed." Would that our "adversary press" were so threatening to the Soviets.

Peter Nagy
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Slighted Heroism

In her review of *Without Honor: Defeat in Vietnam and Cambodia* [Oct. 19], Kathleen Christison correctly points out the fallacy of assuming that the Nixon-Kissinger policy in Vietnam fully expected and agreed to a Communist takeover, in return for assurances of a "decent interval" for appearances' sake. But why does she describe as an "accurate and dispassionate account" the view that "North Vietnam had a 'stubborn passion' driving it to fight on, while South Vietnam had neither the will nor the spirit to do the same"? Besides being the keystone of the usual clichéd liberal analysis of our involvement in Vietnam, this does a great disservice to the valiant effort of the South Vietnamese.

I am reminded of Mr. Buckley's comment in 1970: "I think it's not at all impossible that years from now, people will think of the South Vietnamese resistance through this entire period as one of the truly heroic historical efforts." Unfortunately, the moment has not yet arrived. It never will, if conservatives unthinkingly adopt a disparaging view of South Vietnam's fight to remain free.

Brian Robertson
Springfield, Va.

The Best Teacher

Michael Scully makes the point ["Defense Preparedness," Sept. 7], citing Mr. Theodore J. Crackel, a senior fellow in military studies at the Heritage Foundation, that military education is faulty for lack of a "service track for education"—that is, a system that would permit selected regular officers to specialize in the art of military education. Crackel's opinion of the current system ("a systematic discouragement of thinkers in uniform") contrasts a bit with what I once heard the president of a major university say at the podium of the Army War College—in effect, that the army's school system was truly remarkable in what it had produced in World War II. He cited not only the creation of a reasonably effective army of about eight million from a regular force of about two hundred thousand (General Motors and IBM, models of industrial efficiency, might encounter a few rough spots in the process of expanding by a factor of forty) but also the fact that for a couple of years after the war the affairs of America, Europe, and the Far East were to a considerable extent in the hands of five men: Marshall, Eisenhower, Bradley, MacArthur, and Clay, all products of the army school system.

More to the point, what is military education, and who should teach it? I would reckon that the faculty of a medical college would normally include a substantial number of personally experienced physicians and surgeons. It follows that in a military school the major part of the instructional load should be carried by experienced soldiers, sailors, or airmen, not by military theorists. It is noteworthy that Clausewitz, J. F. C. Fuller, Liddell Hart, and Mahan were all very experienced officers.

It is also most desirable that military science be recognized for what it is—a special discipline in itself. The military services themselves fail to acknowledge the truth of this, expending much officers' time and government money in sending officers to civilian universities for advanced degrees. Post-graduate civilian education is desirable and necessary for

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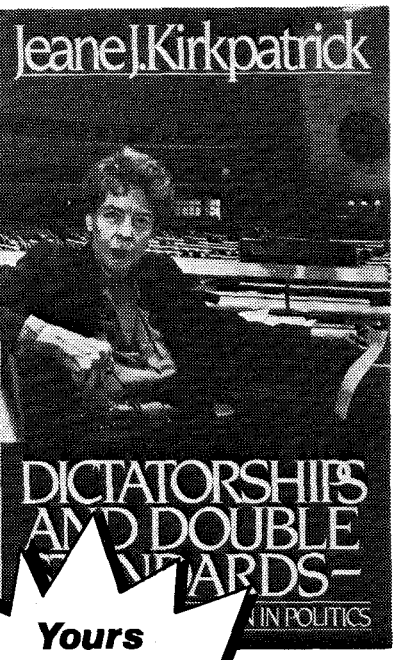

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officers in special fields (e.g., aeronautical engineering), but the fact remains that the most compelling requirement of the services is for military experts.

General Hamilton H. Howze
U.S.A., Ret.
Gunnison, Colo.

The Body of Belief

According to Joseph Sobran ["Heretics All," Oct. 5]: "[Harold O. J.] Brown stresses the 'dramatic innovation' of the doctrine of transubstantiation . . . [claiming that this occurred] . . . in the eucharistic controversy of the ninth century, when a Frankish monk named Paschasius Radbertus argued for the corporeal presence of Christ under the mere form of bread and wine." According to Mr. Sobran, Brown's statement is false. Instead of innovating, Radbertus was merely stating explicitly a doctrine held implicitly by the Christian Church since its inception.

Now, it is in fact true that Radbertus was not the first writer to argue for the doctrine now called transubstantiation. One can find statements supporting the view that the eucharistic body of Christ was identical with His historical body—and is miraculously created by the priestly consecration of the elements in every sacrifice of the Mass—in the writings of Cyril of Jerusalem, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and John of Damascus. However, it is also possible to find statements that regard "the eucharistic body as a symbolical exhibition of His real body once sacrificed on the cross and now glorified in heaven, yet present to the believer with its life-giving virtue and saving power," in the writings of Augustine, Tertullian, Clement, and Athanasius.

The point I suspect that Brown seeks to make is not that no one ever held what is now named the doctrine of transubstantiation before Paschasius Radbertus expounded it in his book *On the Body and Blood of the Lord* (composed 831). Rather, it would seem that Brown argues that the exchange between Radbertus and Ratramnus on the subject represents the first time the nature of the Eucharist became a *controversial* issue in the Church. Ratramnus argued that the elements were not altered by the consecration of the priest, but became the body and blood of Christ in a spiritual sense to the faith of the believer by the power of the Word of God.

Further, the principal objection of the Reformation theologians to the doctrine of transubstantiation did not concern the fact of the elements' transformation but the means. To the end of his life Martin Luther insisted that the bread and wine of the Eucharist were in fact, physically, the body and blood of Christ; the very same that were born of the Virgin Mary and suffered on the cross. What Luther denied was that the elements were transformed by the consecration of the priest. Luther asserted that the transformation occurred by the power of the Word of God in those who believe.

Jonathan L. Dean
Raymond, N.H.

Fair Accounting

Tom Bethell in "Taxing the Middle Class" [Oct. 5] says, "Some people love a complex tax code" and cites an example: the AICPA (American Institute of CPAs). When that outfit is on the same side of an issue as the public interest, it's a coincidence. What's wrong with Mr. Bethell's analysis is that it fails to distinguish between the AICPA and the rest of the accounting profession.

Rank-and-file CPAs have good reason to prefer a tax setup less gimmicky and complicated than what we have. But the rank and file do not run the AICPA, which is a trade association dominated by the very large national accounting firms. The Big Eight are partners of big government, and they thrive on complications and regulations.

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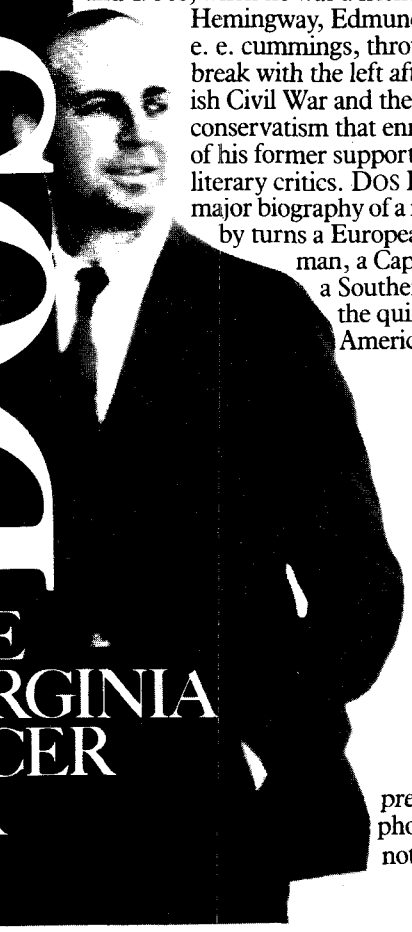

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DOUBLEDAY

public accountants whose views accord with those I am expressing. Many are not CPAs. For them opposition to the AICPA, which would like to regulate them out of the profession, is a matter of survival. We have organizations, one of which is the NSPA (National Society of Public Accountants). In the NSPA, we are trying to get lawmakers interested in a simpler and fairer tax code. Our position is not that of the AICPA, and we should not be confused with that group or its special-interest agenda.

Hunter S. Seabright, CPA
North Wilkesboro, N.C.

A Crying Injustice

I do not know whether to laugh or cry. Please advise me.

Your report of the attack by an Iranian Justice on a Swedish Justice at The Hague ["For the Record," Oct. 5] managed to compress into one sentence no fewer than four serious errors of fact. Now the laugh. The *Washington Post*, of all unlikely sources, gives on October 3 an account of the incident that is completely accurate.

First, the court was not the World Court, but the Iran-United States Claims Tribunal. There is no relation between the two, but for the fact that both happen to be located in The Hague. (The Claims Tribunal was set up in 1981 to handle claims involving broken contracts and expropriated property of American companies and nationals in Iran.)

Second, there were two Iranian Justices who attacked the frail and elderly Swedish Justice.

Third, in a mind-boggling symbol of injustice, it was not the Iranian assailants, but their victim, who was removed from the court, ostensibly for his protection.

Fourth, the Iranian threat to murder the Swedish Justice was not made in the heat of the fray, but two hours later, in comparative calm. Kashani did not shout as he was hustled out, as he was not hustled out.

John A. Washington
Chevy Chase, Md.

Still Number One

In your editorial "1988, Part I" [Oct. 19] you mention that George Deukmejian is governor of the nation's largest state.

Alaskans and maybe some Texans aren't going to like this.

William H. Burke
Severna Park, Md.

Maybe not. California is the state with the largest population, however. —LW

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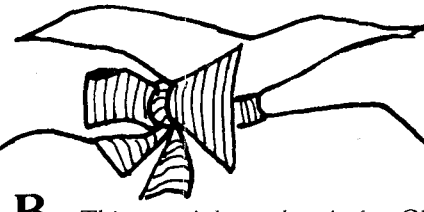

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FOR THE RECORD

It was a tie, everyone declared after Kansas City, but overnight polls for *Newsweek* (**Gallup**), ABC News, CBS/*New York Times* each showed **Ronald Reagan** three points up; *U.S.A. Today* gave the President whopping 17-point lead. . . . How about the political experts? The ever-liberal **Mary McGrory** hated to say it, but "the genial, nimble-witted, sure-footed self [**Walter Mondale**] presented in Louisville was supplanted by the cautious politician of melancholy memory." . . . Former Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss** commented: "Reagan's performance . . . raised a serious problem [of Mondale's] running out of time" to overhaul the President. . . . Said **Lyn Nofziger**: "Walter Mondale has had his last shot." . . . Mondale campaign manager **Robert Beckel** insists the race is still a "tossup," to which White House chief-of-staff **James Baker** replies, "He's whistling past the graveyard," and comments that Mondale will have to win a million votes a day to catch the President by Nov. 6. . . . Political analyst **Kevin Phillips** devoted first two and a half pages of his insiders' newsletter dated Oct. 19 (post-Louisville, pre-Kansas City) to composition of next Reagan Administration, so convinced is he, presumably, that that's the next order of business. . . . As of moment (Oct. 25), by everyone's count, Mondale leads only in Minnesota and District of Columbia.

On individual races: According to Kevin Phillips, first debate caused definite GOP slippage in senatorial races in four states: Iowa (**Roger Jepsen**), North Carolina (**Jesse Helms**), Minnesota (**Rudy Boschwitz**), Mississippi (**Thad Cochran**). Phillips now sees possibility of two- to four-seat GOP loss in Senate, ten- to twenty-seat GOP gain in House. . . . In other races: **Richard Lugar**, chairman of Republican Senatorial Committee, says **Phil Gramm** is ten to 15 points ahead of **Lloyd Doggett** in Texas; **Mitch McConnell** has gained 13 points in a month, now trails incumbent **Walter Huddleston** by 12 points in Kentucky. . . . Latest figures from Massachusetts show Democratic Lt. Gov. **John Kerry** nine points ahead of Republican **Ray Shamie**, another close one. . . . New Yorkers are watching House race in 9th CD. How will **Serph Maltese**, longtime executive director of N.Y. Conservative Party, do in his race to take congressional seat vacated by **Geraldine Ferraro**? Maltese is trailing in heavily Democratic district. . . . Not too much remarked that this is a big year for women in Senate races. No troubles foreseen for Sen. **Nancy Kassebaum** running for re-election in Kansas; but other women candidates not doing well except for **Joan Growe**, who is just nine points behind Republican Sen. Boschwitz in Minnesota. . . . Democratic challenger **Nancy Dick** is presenting no problems for Sen. **William Armstrong** in Colorado. Nor are Democrats **Libby Mitchell** (Me.), **Judy Pratt** (N.M.), **Margie Hendriksen** (Ore.), and **Edythe Harrison** (Va.) doing any better against Republican incumbents **William Cohen**, **Pete Domenici**, **Mark Hatfield**, and **John Warner**. . . . Republican challengers **Mary Mochary** (N.J.), **Nancy Hoch** (Neb.), and **Barbara Leonard** (R.I.) having equally hard going against popular incumbents **Bill Bradley**, **James Exon**, and **Claiborne Pell**. . . . Final distaff note: No copies of the very critical *New York Post* and *Philadelphia Inquirer* are allowed on Ferraro press plane.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"Surely we're not thinking in terms of the miners' strike lasting that *long!"*

Georges Marchais's French Communist Party has suspended all ties with the ruling Communist Party of Afghanistan in protest over the sentencing of French journalist **Jacques Abouchar** to 18 years in jail in Kabul on spy charges. . . . **U.S. Committee for Refugees** estimates 3.6 million Afghans have fled their country this year, compared with 3.3 million last year. . . . Among civil-rights violations cited by **Amnesty International** in its yearly report has been sentencing of Ukrainian Roman Catholic Church organist **Sofya Belyak** to five years in prison, five of internal exile for crime of distributing pamphlets on reported appearance of the **Virgin Mary** in Fatima, in 1917.

Poor Walter Mondale: Nearly one million schoolchildren in *Weekly Reader* poll have picked Reagan over Mondale by nearly two to one: 64 to 33 per cent. The kids haven't been wrong in 28 years. . . . What do the top investment people think? A **Drexel Burnham Lambert** Decision-Makers Poll asked where and how the economy would be in December 1986 given a) a Reagan Administration, b) a Mondale Administration. Under Reagan, the **Dow Jones** Industrial Average would be 1375, under Mondale 1135 (240 points lower); inflation would be 5.3 per cent under Reagan, 7.5 per cent under Mondale; real GNP growth, 3.9 per cent under Reagan, 3.1 per cent under Mondale; the deficit, $149 billion under Reagan, $188 billion under Mondale. . . . Finally, *Success* magazine reports that when Dartmouth scientists wired the facial muscles of a number of people with electrodes and then showed videotapes of President Reagan, "No matter what their stated opinion of Reagan, when viewers saw him making the classic, reassuring smile, their faces responded immediately with a barely perceptible smile."

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THE WEEK

☐ The *New York Times* called the last debate a draw, adding sourly, "It was the public that lost." That can only mean that Reagan kicked a little ass.

☐ In an editorial on post-debate commentary, the *New York Times* chose a revealing word to refer to all those ordinary folk who would be watching the candidates and pundits: "laymen." Beautiful. To call them "voters" wouldn't quite do justice to the opinion priesthood and hierarchy, would it?

☐ Hardly anyone seemed to notice the strange answer Gerry Ferraro gave in her debate with George Bush when asked why she had flip-flopped on tuition tax credits: "I have represented a district in Queens which is 70 per cent Catholic. I have represented my district." It takes you a minute to realize that she's explaining that she changed her principles because she changed constituencies; and what's more, it doesn't occur to her to be embarrassed about it. Crass people don't know they're crass, any more than they know other people aren't.

☐ Jesse Jackson popped up in New York the other day to protest the presence of the battleship *Iowa* in the harbor, leading demonstrators in a series of chants before heading off to host *Saturday Night Live*. "Freeze the arms race, don't burn the human race," he intoned. Walter Mondale still hasn't made it clear just where Jackson fits into the Democratic Party, but it is convenient for him that he wasn't trying to film a campaign commercial on the deck of the *Iowa* while Jackson was calling it "a holocaust machine."

☐ Officials of the Cosa Nostra Anti-Defamation League are protesting what they see as a smear campaign designed to link its members with notorious politicians and their spouses. "We're particularly disturbed by persistent rumors and innuendos connecting us with a certain so-called real-estate developer," says League president Anthony Baciodimorte. "When you deal with a man, you assume he's on the level. Then you learn, too late, that his wife is in politics. Her name ends in a vowel, your name ends in a vowel, and people jump to conclusions."

☐ The new federal crime law, crafted in the Senate, supported by the Administration, and finally forced through the House, has brought sighs and cries from the ACLU. It is an enormous omnium-gatherum, covering everything from computers to crooked labor unions; the two features that caused the most protest were, predictably, among the most needed. The insanity defense got a nudge in the direction of reality. (Henceforth the deranged will have to prove that they were incapable of appreciating the wrongfulness of their actions, not merely that they could not control themselves. No criminals control themselves; that's what makes them criminals.) The new law also permits federal judges to deny bail to defendants who threaten the "safety of the community," a provision aimed at repeat offenders who use the hiatus between their arrest and their trial for old crimes as an opportunity to commit new ones. Preventive detention, in one form or another, is on the books in more than twenty states, which have not notably slid into despotism. The rights of the law-abiding may get a long-needed boost.

☐ The Hawaii Supreme Court has upheld a lower court's decision that says pregnant women are entitled to welfare benefits for their unborn babies. That raises an interesting question: If a mother pays for an abortion with the welfare money allocated to her fetus, does that make the fetus guilty of conspiring to commit suicide?

☐ One issue that is not figuring in the campaign this year is the energy crisis, the reason being that Reagan Administration policies have ended it. OPEC is stuck in a downward spiral, having to choose again and

Bush, Rising

He never kissed; he never told.
What Reagan's selling, he gets sold.
In darkest Voodooland, his role
Is sticking pins in Robert Dole.
Jack Kemp, at peril, can ignore
Bush bashing a posterior.

W. H. von Dreele

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MAD AT THE MEDIA?

You will probably be even madder after you read *Media Mischief and Misdeeds*, a new book by Reed Irvine, founder and chairman of Accuracy in Media.

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* The evidence that "60 Minutes" interviews are sometimes rehearsed, in violation of CBS News rules.

* How the media tried to take the Soviet Union off the hook for the KAL massacre.

* How the media ignored important evidence tying the KGB to the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II.

* How CBS bought Cuban film footage and aired it on the evening news without properly identifying the source in an effort to impeach the word of President Reagan.

* What the media really wanted to report from Grenada and why it was wise to bar them.

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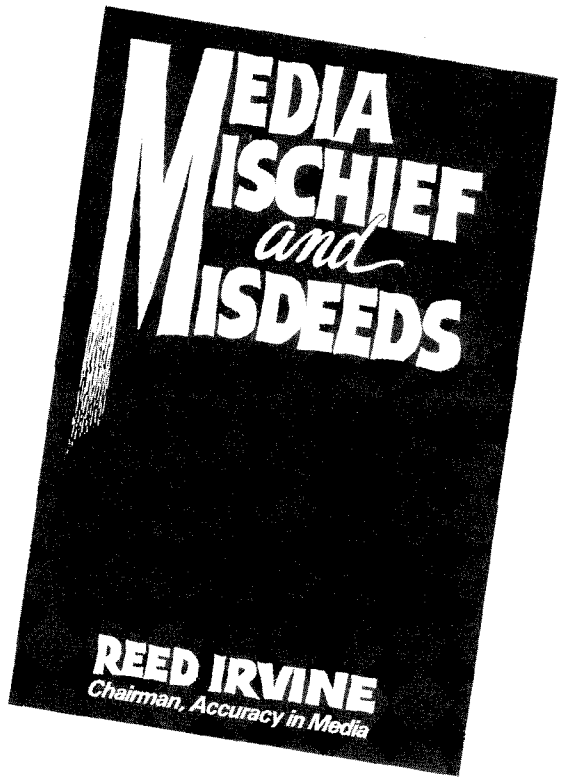

Media Mischief and Misdeeds is an essential antidote to the misinformation being dished out by Big Media. It will make you mad, but it will also make you smile. You will be glad to see that at last someone is taking aim at the media and hitting the target. When you read this book you will understand why Ben Bradlee, executive editor of The Washington Post, was driven to calling Reed Irvine "a miserable, carping, retromingent vigilante." Ben just can't take Reed's kind of criticism!

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Two of Walter Mondale's diehard supporters on Capitol Hill—so diehard, in fact, that they stayed with their candidate unflinchingly through the darkest days of September—were overheard the Monday after the Kansas City debate saying, "We've thrown in the towel. Fritz was good but not good enough." Barring a calamity, Ronald Reagan is expected to win on November 6 by a landslide. Horace Busby, a longtime (25 years) aide and friend of Lyndon Johnson who now edits a respected political newsletter, predicts that 535 Electoral College votes (out of 538) could go to Reagan. A *che sarà, sarà* mood hangs over the Democratic congressional offices, where skeleton staffs hold the fort during the recess; staffers are becoming more fatalistic day by day as the polls come in, bulging out once again in favor of Mr. Reagan.

What felled Mondale, consensus has it, was Reagan's two body blows, the age and *Nimitz* cracks. "Age was the only thing that could possibly have hurt us," observed a White House official. "The President buried it with that one-liner—if it ever existed at all, that is." Not that the Gipper was in peak form. Even friendly critics, for example, found inexcusable Mr. Reagan's failure, again, to commit to memory a four-minute pre-scripted debate close-out. "He refused to do it," said a Reagan insider, "convinced that if he winged it, the effect would be more powerful and real." So the President opted to follow his Muse, and his Muse clearly lacked radar. (See also "The Final Debate," p. 16.) After the debate, one prominent Democrat quipped, "How much did Laxalt pay Ed Newman to cut Reagan off? Clearly, it was only going to get worse."

So convinced was Mr. Reagan that an unrehearsed ending was the better strategy that he even tried to persuade George Bush to do the same. Wisely, the Vice President memorized his peroration and, like Mondale, scribbled the outline of it on the rostrum scratch pad during slack moments, after taking up his position on stage, so as not to violate the no-notes rule.

Word around town among conservatives (and others) is that George Bush in his debate with Geraldine Ferraro gained back everything he had lost to Jack Kemp in the platform hearings in Dallas, and more. Bush was strong, loyal, and capable. On the capability scale, indeed, he far outdistanced Mrs. Ferraro. Bush's total commitment to Ronald Reagan's goals, his on-target thematic emphases (which Mr. Reagan lacked during his CPA recitals of Debate 1), his sure-footed distinctions (without going off the reservation) between himself and Mr. Reagan on matters like abortion and voodoo economics, his relentless pounding of the Carter/Mondale 21 per cent interest rates and double-digit inflation and, by contrast, Reagan's six million new jobs, etc. made Bush the ultimate salesman for the President. "He was there for Reagan when Reagan needed him," observes an influential Reaganite Hill insider. "Bush's performance will play out to be of critical importance to him and to the party." The President, he predicts, will endorse George Bush before the 1988 primaries. "Everything that we know about Ronald Reagan tells us that when you help him, he helps you back. He shows his gratitude. He won't do a walkaway from George."

With debate anxiety now subsided, and the polls so reassuring, the President will spend more time making videotapes and paying visits around the country to help Republican senators and representatives get elected. Industrial areas in the Midwest and Northeast will be favored.

The closing days of the campaign will also feature a Republican TV blitz, with its centerpiece a four-and-a-half-minute film clip produced by the National Republican Congressional Committee characterizing the Democrats as "the tax-increase team" and the Republicans as "the take-home-pay team." Democrats, the film states, want to raise taxes $157 per month on average. Republicans want to give workers everything they earn. Four congressmen hammer out the theme, covering the whole Republican political spectrum: orthodox conservative Guy Vander Jagt, supply-sider Jack Kemp, moderate Lynn Martin, ex-Democrat Andy Ireland. The GOP is hoping to pick up 25 to thirty House seats in the elections, which might still be possible if Ronald Reagan's recovery from his first debate (and therefore his coattails) proves as strong and durable as it now looks. —CATO

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again between cutting its price and cutting its production—and losing money either way. Oil is so plentiful that gas stations are lining up for cars instead of vice versa. All that could change fast under Mondale, if he gave in to the pressures of some of his supporters to shut down nuclear plants, ban offshore drilling and coal leasing on public lands, and put price controls on anything that was left. Would he? Too bad no one asked him this question at the debate.

☐ A Polish priest renowned for his anti-totalitarian sermons was kidnapped on October 19 by two men posing as policemen, or perhaps it was two Polish policemen posing as men. Father Jerzy Popieluszko was on his way to deliver a sermon in Torun in northern Poland. Lech Walesa interrupted a weekend trip to appear in Popieluszko's pulpit on October 21, and told three thousand angry worshippers, "Someone will take a huge responsibility on himself if even one hair will fall out of Popieluszko's head. We shall not be intimidated, and we will use all possible ways to free him." The situation is especially confused because in today's Poland there is less and less difference between a kidnapping and an arrest.

☐ "What's the Matter with Democratic Foreign Policy?" is the title of Frank Gregorsky's report on liberal Democratic foreign-policy assumptions, which has been creating a stir in Washington (excerpted in *NR*, August 10). Gregorsky, editor of the weekly newsletter of the House Republican Study Committee, has collected scores of quotations from Democratic lead-

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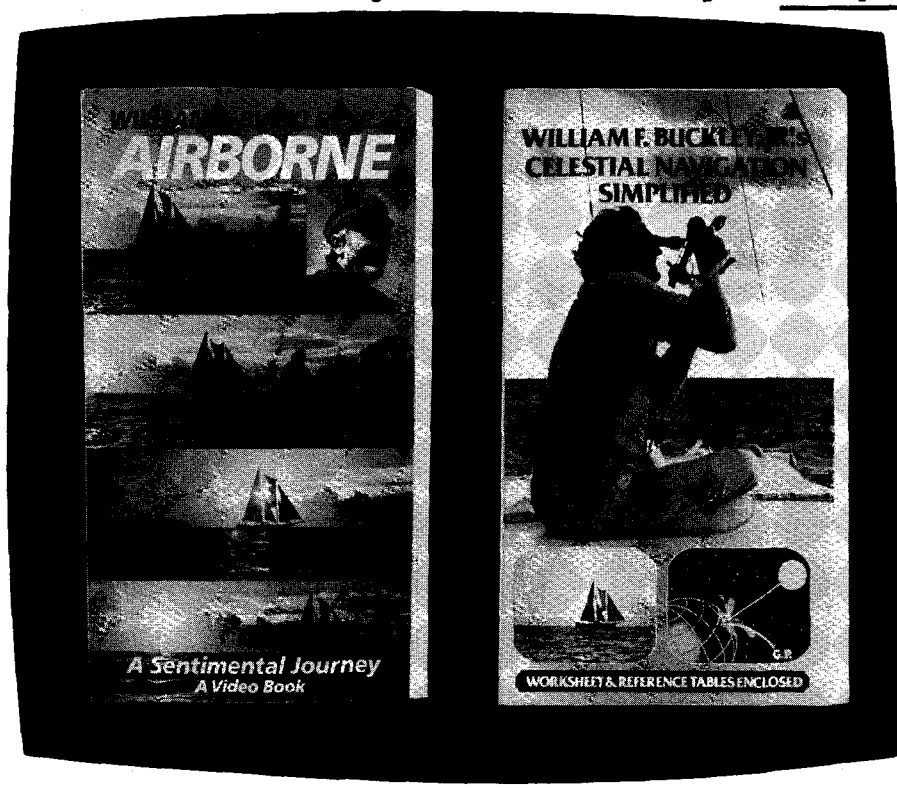

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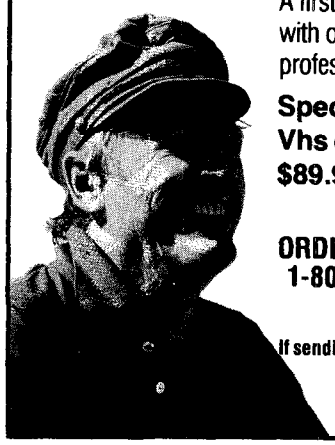

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Mrs. Ferraro's Grenada

All those Cubans on the runway
Were just searching for some shells;
The Bulgarians were merely
Swimming in the gentle swells.
As for North Korea's presence,
They were there to get a tan,
While East Germany's contingent
Loved the local travel plan.

W. H. VON DREELE

ers. If they weren't so funny they'd be frightening, and vice versa. Copies of the report are available from the Study Committee, 433 Cannon House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515.

☐ The infamous *Dartmouth Review* has just published the results of a survey of more than one hundred American Indian chiefs and tribal officials, who unanimously think that Dartmouth ought to retain its traditional Indian symbol. This esoteric conflict has wide implications. Ten years ago, the Dartmouth administration attempted to banish the symbol, and that act was itself a symbol. What it symbolized was a will to capitulate to any "minority" demand, however absurd; capitulation, in this case, to the notion that the symbol is "racist." It is exactly here that the conflict is located. The Minority Bogus Demand Industry demanded that it receive symbolic payoffs. The Dartmouth administration paid it off. But those actual Indian chiefs don't understand this complicated stuff. They think that if you make the college symbol an Indian, well, you actually admire the American Indian.

☐ The government is going to spend $94 million this year for—honey. More particularly, it will buy half the U.S. crop, at twice the world-market price, in effect paying the entire value of the U.S. crop. Foreign honey producers are happily increasing their production ("How's beezness?" "Really buzzing!") and shipping us just enough honey to replace the half of the crop the government is buying up at double the price, at the high price dictated by government buying. Stop complaining. Governments—it says so in their charter—are supposed to be stupid and wasteful, and besides, you have it good now. Government price supports for honey will go up next year.

☐ What, you ask, are the two greatest health problems among teenagers? Pregnancy and pimples, in that order. Now aren't you sorry you brought it up?

☐ Stern and just are the ways of the Urban Mass Transportation Administration, which ordered the New York City Transit Authority to add ladies' restrooms to two subway-car inspection barns at a cost of $375,000. Which, at the dime-per market rate for pay toilets, works out to an incredible number of tinkles to amortize the costs. Nevertheless, the UMTA rejected as without merit the NYCTA argument that the ladies' rooms were not needed because there weren't any women maintenance workers. There is an important principle here: All restrooms built with public funds will by God give equal treatment to both sexes, and never mind if both sexes aren't present to use them. The point at issue is whether New York City can suck up tax revenues from Washington, D.C., which gets them from non-New Yorkers. Answer: Not unless New York City performs bureaucratic stupidities. In this case, about $9 million worth of west-of-the-Hudson booty was involved, so the ladies' rooms will certainly be built.

☐ Nicaraguan "Comandante" Daniel Ortega told the UN General Assembly on October 2 that the U.S. would invade his country on October 15. And high time, too. Mr. Ortega then flew to Los Angeles at the invitation of Jane Fonda, Mike Farrell, and other high-level Hollywood war strategists, presumably to mobilize his defense forces for the coming invasion.

☐ Three cosmonauts spent a record 238 days in the Salyut 7 space station, but were finally forced to return to the Soviet Union.

☐ Jesse Jackson, addressing a prayer breakfast during a gathering of the Congressional Black Caucus, asserted, "We cannot elect an oppressor by default." Exactly so. We must elect him by a landslide.

The Final Debate

IN HIS second debate with Walter Mondale, the President did what he had to do. His political task was essentially one of reassurance, made necessary by his hesitations and apparent nervousness in Louisville. The public has become used to polish and eloquence from Reagan, and his political opponents marched through the opening afforded them at Louisville. In Kansas City, Mr. Reagan accomplished the necessary task, setting forth his views in a relaxed and yet intense way, and leaving no doubt about the differences between the candidates and the parties on national-security issues.

Mondale's political task was to walk away from his public record on defense issues, and at times he succeeded in sounding like a Henry Jackson Democrat. How successful this tactic was remains to be seen. On the nuclear-freeze issue, Mondale took a bath, collapsing completely on the issue of verifia-

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bility. The freeze proposal is clearly bogus in the absence of inspection, which the Soviets will not permit, and Mondale appeared to realize this while disappearing squidlike in a cloud of words.

Judged by the highest professional standards, both debaters fell short. Mr. Reagan should understand by this point in his political and electronic career that you look at the camera and talk to the living rooms of America. His aborted peroration was his speech from the 1976 Kansas City Convention, a good speech about driving along the Pacific Coast and looking at the ocean and knowing the importance of peace, but if you are recycling an eight-year-old speech you ought to be able to control the text and watch the clock.

Mondale did not accomplish his fundamental political task in Kansas City. He needed a big breakthrough, and he did not achieve it. Coming from far back in the polls he required a major, crystallizing, metaphorical moment. Perhaps he should have violated the format and challenged the President directly on some well-researched point: "Mr. President, for the good of this country . . ." But he did not do it, even though he had little to lose. Mondale's makeup people did not solve the problem of the bags under his eyes, and Mondale looked less fit than his 73-year-old opponent. Given the political requirement he faced, Mondale's performance was merely more mediocrity.

Which brings us to an interesting question. These presidential debates are not a new political genre. They have been with us since the Nixon-Kennedy debates of 1960, a quarter of a century ago, and yet no one seems to have analyzed the genre from a severe professional perspective. The televised debate is not really a debate but a visual and dramatic occasion. This is not to denigrate it. Every political leader must master the media of his era. Abraham Lincoln might lose on television today, but he was a formidable outdoor debater; ask Stephen Douglas. We remember Lincoln at Gettysburg, not the three-hour fustian of Edward Everett preceding him.

The political genre of the televised presidential debate involves factors we might call the "image" and the "home run." The image means visual presence as that comes over on the screen. The home run is the remark that has symbolic value, the one that people talk about the next morning. Any contender should focus on precisely those two points. In 1960, Jack Kennedy did not hit any home runs against Nixon, but he had the superior image, aided by the fact that Nixon had a propensity to perspire and that Kennedy's aides had thoughtfully turned up the heat in the television studio. In 1980, Reagan looked better on the screen than Carter, and also hit a home run ("There you go again"). Carter also hit into a double play by referring nuclear matters to Amy, which reinforced his wimp/killer-rabbit image. This year Mrs. Ferraro lay in wait for George Bush with her "Don't patronize me!" line, but that one—though good—really appealed only to her feminist constituency. The home run should address the opponent's perceived weaknesses.

But the home run can, of course, be game-planned. The opponent's perceived weaknesses can be analyzed and a dozen potential home runs concocted beforehand. A television debater can even entice an opponent into a potential home-run vulnerability.

Twenty-four years after the Nixon-Kennedy debates, it is astonishing that the level of technical expertise remains so low.

A Crazy Idea

Bill Niskanen, the White House economist, said recently that the feminist proposal of equal pay for jobs of "comparable worth" is "a truly crazy idea." Walter Mondale and CBS picked up on this as a major gaffe, evidence of misogyny unequaled since Bluebeard, and so forth. But Niskanen is simply voicing the mainstream view on this issue. Some of the most devastating comment on "comparable worth" has come from the Left and the Center, not just the Right. Here is a sampling:

—"This [equal pay for work of comparable value] is something quite different from the old trade-union program of 'equal pay for equal work.' Under this proposition, jobs that are usually filled by women might be evaluated by 'experts' for comparison with jobs traditionally held by men. . . . Pay scales based on such socioeconomic studies might supplant those shaped by market forces and traditional collective bargaining—a feminist road to socialism, perhaps."—*Penn Kemble, a founder of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, in* Commentary, *October 1982.*

—"The best way to remove job inequities is to allow equality of opportunity, not to have the government fix pay scales."—*Robert Lawrence of the Brookings Institution.*

—"Research suggests that pay in women's occupations—for both women and men—is lower largely because of differences in education and on-the-job experience as well as differences in working hours and other working conditions (such as exposure to hazards or outdoor work).

"[To] institute nationwide pay scales based on comparable-worth principles . . . would bring us to a planned economy, with all the allocation problems of centralized wages. . . . It is the road to economic disruption and will benefit no one."—*June O'Neill of the Urban Institute, in the* Wall Street Journal, *January 20, 1984.*

—"The comparable-worth scale reflects the same credentialism that corrupts the society it is designed to mirror."—*Geoffrey Cowley, "Comparable Worth: An-*

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Snubbing Al Smith

Unlike Miss Otis, whose regrets
Were rather like Queen Antoinette's,
Fritz faced no mob, nor had he strayed
Down lovers' lane or been delayed
By snow or something in his soup
When he became a party-poop
And prompted Catholics to cluck
At such a way to run amuck.

W. H. VON DREELE

other Terrible Idea," in the "neoliberal" Washington Monthly, *January 1984.*

—"There is no need to belabor the absurdity of this [job-rating] system, so I'll stick to the high points. It is, above all, a mandate for arbitrariness: Every subjective determination, no matter how whimsically arrived at, is first enshrined in a number to give it an entirely specious solidity, then added to another number no less insubstantial, to yield a total entirely meaningless. (An exercise: Compare, with numbers, the 'mental demands' on a truck driver and a secretary.)

"The surest results will be unending litigation and an entirely new generation of inequities. Those inequities, moreover, will be frozen in place by force of law, and thus that much more difficult to dislodge."—*Charles Krauthammer, senior editor of* The New Republic, *"From Bad to Comparable Worth," in* Regulation, *July/August 1984.*

These voices notwithstanding, Walter Mondale, Geraldine Ferraro, and the Democratic platform have all committed themselves to the concept. When people say the Democrats can't stand up to interest-group pressures, this is the sort of thing they mean.

Capitalist Blossoms in China?

LET A THOUSAND capitalist flowers bloom. The Thoughts of Chairman Adam Smith have at last penetrated the inscrutable reaches of the Middle Kingdom. The Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party has announced a far-reaching reform of China's economy, based on such revolutionary concepts as the free marketplace, supply and demand, minimal government interference in setting prices and wages, and the right of enterprises to hire and fire as they please. According to a directive issued by the Central Committee on October 20, Chinese enterprises will henceforth be "put to the test of direct judgment by consumers in a marketplace so that only the best survive." Even Chrysler never had it so bad.

China's sudden sallying onto capitalist turf evidently was inspired by the dramatic success of an earlier reform, announced in 1978, that created a system of incentives for the country's peasants—with the result that inefficient rural communes began to break up and agricultural output increased. Like the Soviet Union before it, the People's Republic learned that the peasants would not feed the country if the country denied them any claim to the fruits of their labors.

The USSR has also on occasion attempted more basic reforms similar to those that China has announced—Lenin's New Economic Policy (NEP) and the Liebermann reforms come to mind—but they have never endured for long. The problem has never been that free-market experiments have failed to increase output; rather, they have threatened the political control of the Party apparatus. When Lenin announced the New Economic Policy in 1921, he admitted frankly that it would mean the growth of capitalism, but a capitalism, he claimed, that Communists did not need to fear.

But fear it they did; and soon a host of prosperous "Nepmen"—small businessmen and entrepreneurs—gained prominence in Leningrad, Moscow, and other cities, their wealth and prestige a direct threat to the power and authority of petty and not so petty Party bureaucrats, who soon beseeched the Kremlin to move against them.

Which it did. The Liebermann reforms of the Brezhnev era died an even quicker death at the hands of wary Party activists who recognized a capitalist threat to their dominance when they saw it—the blessing of the Kremlin notwithstanding. Communists who try capitalism soon learn there is no dividing line between economic freedom and political liberty; to permit the first is to invite demands for the second. If you would control the people, you must control their means of livelihood.

The Chinese Communists will learn this soon enough—or they will cease to be Communists. Since totalitarian regimes tend to cling to their power and to their ideology, it is likely that either the Chinese experiment will fall short of the announced ends of the leadership, or the leadership will announce shortfalls and bring the experiment to an end. It is one thing to plant flowers in a prison courtyard; it is quite another to knock down the walls that they might have sufficient light to bloom.

Chernenko Speaks

SOVIET RULER Konstantin Chernenko is alive and, if not well, at least able to answer a few questions. We know this because of the interview Chernenko recently granted to Dusko Doder, Moscow correspondent of the *Washington Post.* The first section of the interview consisted of written questions that Doder submitted in advance and to which he received written

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responses. Chernenko "said" nothing new in this section, but one point came through clearly: The Soviets want to stop the U.S. program for anti-satellite weapons. "We are ready to proceed to negotiations," the Chernenko transcript read, "with a view to working out and concluding an agreement to prevent the militarization of outer space."

In the second section of the interview, conducted orally, Chernenko was considerably less dextrous, limiting himself to the usual bromides. (The Soviet people, we learn, have experienced what war means.) But Chernenko isn't completely to blame for the banalities. In contrast to the press interviews of American Presidents, the questions posed in this Moscow interview weren't adversarial or accusatorial. Instead, Doder asked what can only be described as pattycake questions—such as, "Are you optimistic about the present development of Soviet-American relations?" and "Should not both sides take some small steps?"—which enabled Chernenko to give his message to the American electorate a few days before the second debate between Reagan and Mondale.

Through the courteous Mr. Doder, Chernenko got four points across. He wants 1) a ban on space weapons, 2) a nuclear freeze, 3) U.S. ratification of nuclear test-ban treaties, and 4) a U.S. pledge of no first use of nuclear weapons. As it happens, Fighting Fritz agrees with Chernenko on the first three. The last, we presume, would be subject to negotiation.

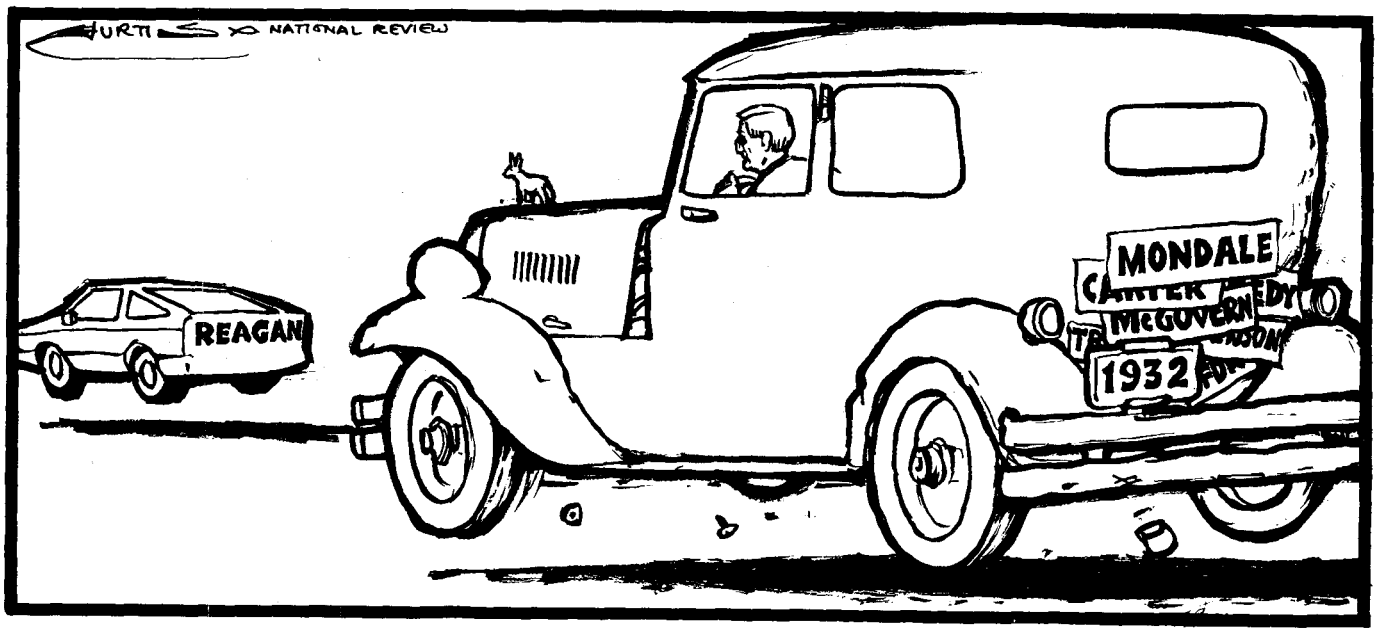
Duarte Negotiates

THERE ARE two extremes that beleaguered Third World governments must avoid when confronted with radical insurgencies in their hinterlands. The first is to suppose that the insurgency can be stopped by wantonly slaughtering any and all who lend support to it. Since peasants generally cooperate with insurgents only out of fear, killing them for collaboration is not only unjust, but also accomplishes nothing but to create martyrs for the cause and substantiate its anti-government propaganda. Many a young villager has joined the ranks of an insurgent militia out of bitterness over the death of family members.

The second and opposite extreme is to suppose that the insurgency can be negotiated out of existence. Radical insurgents usually enjoy genuine support from only a minute fraction of the population they seek to rule; their strategy, therefore, is to shoot, brutalize, intimidate, coerce, and force their way into power. Given half a chance, however, they will always negotiate, for negotiations win them an aura of legitimacy they could never obtain otherwise and put them on an equal footing with the government.

José Napoleón Duarte, unfortunately, has chosen the second extreme. His meeting with Salvadoran rebels at La Palma on October 15 was a serious strategic error, the more so since Duarte enjoys the popular support of a large majority of his countrymen and has made notable progress in curbing extremist tendencies of the first type described above.

Predictably, a central demand of the rebels was that they be allowed to participate equally in the governing of the country. Every Communist regime in power in the world today originated from a coalition arrangement with parties that eventually were either neutralized or physically eliminated. Coalitions are the wedge by which the violent 1 per cent seeks to gain access to the machinery of power that will in due course enable it to dominate the ninety and nine. Duarte is scheduled to meet the insurgents again in late November; if he is not careful he will soon find himself negotiating the terms of his own surrender.



The "Age" Issue

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The British in Oman and Malaysia demonstrated the one policy that has proven successful against insurgencies: The government, with foreign security assistance, must first establish its military superiority over the insurgency and demonstrate the futility of its gaining power through violent struggle. Then, through a combination of land reform (which gives the peasants a stake in the status quo) and offers of amnesty (which encourage desertions), the guerrilla army is reduced to a state of impotency. This course had good chances of succeeding in El Salvador had Duarte not become impatient.

Unfortunately, the international chorus of approval that greeted Duarte's action is likely to encourage his folly. Americans and Europeans tend to be so enamored of the very word *negotiations*—which in free societies are the essence of democracy—that they fail to grasp that for guerrillas in the jungle negotiations are but another means of waging warfare. No good can come from talking terms with the Mafia.

Why Juanito Can't Kill

TWO GUIDE BOOKS to insurgency, one a comic book, one a manual, have come to light in the last fortnight, both produced by the CIA or by its associates. They recommend counter-revolutionary activities for use against the Sandinistas, ranging from stopping up toilets with sponges, all the way to killing, and suddenly the question on everyone's lips is, What kind of reading material are we giving the *Contras*?

Walter Mondale has seized on the matter as yet another instance of President Reagan's insouciance, and has given us to understand that if he, Mondale, were in the White House, he would have known exactly what the CIA was passing out, yes indeed. In fact, he probably wouldn't; nor, except in a general way, should he. That is what chains of command are all about. Leaders choose goals and (in broad terms) means. Subordinates tend to the details.

There remains the question of means. There exists an executive order forbidding government employees to participate in, or commission, assassinations. Well and good. Yet, finally, all such rules are made with the mental reservation that they might, somewhere along the line, be evaded; because, finally, there are no rules for dirty war. This is true for good guys and bad guys alike. The French Resistance performed its quota of killings; when Count von Stauffenberg planted his bomb in Hitler's conference room, he was engaged in something more serious than blocking toilets.

The purists become the prisoners of their own rhetoric. Walter Mondale has defined the morally correct course in Nicaragua to be negotiations, though he has also said that he would find Cuban or Soviet bases there intolerable. Well, there are currently three thousand Cuban military and security advisors and five thousand Cuban civilian technicians in Nicaragua; fifty Soviet military advisors; numerous Eastern European technicians (the estimates range in the thousands). Nicaragua, under the Sandinistas, has 36 new military bases. This situation either is tolerable, or it is not. If Mondale, or someone who shares his principles, decides it is not, he will have left himself without intermediate options. In which case, the gunboats must sail.

Magnum Big Deal

IT IS A pity that the Roman Catholic Church, probably the most self-assured institution in the world, should announce its authorization of the Tridentine Mass in language suitable to the elders of the town of Niagara specifying conditions under which they will permit someone to roll over their Falls in a barrel. If press clippings are to be believed—and why not? in this case—the old Latin Mass in the Tridentine Rite can be celebrated only after a) the relevant priest takes an oath to the effect that he does not consider the modern vernacular counterpart heretical; b) ditto the attending parishioners; c) the Mass's entrepreneurs give their reasons for requesting that form of the Mass, reasons that d) must be satisfactory to the bishop. It is presumably unacceptable to give as a reason for preferring the Tridentine Mass in Latin merely that the new Mass, in English, is less conducive to prayerful meditation, and is written in an idiom composed by monks somewhere in a monastery reserved for the tone deaf.

The notion that it is impious to desire the same Mass that sustained four centuries of Catholics, including martyrs who died in order to attend it, which Mass was celebrated by a half-hundred popes, must derive from a fetishistically exclusivist devotion to the new number, which devout Catholics endure if only to be reminded of what life must have been like in the catacombs. Well then, the Church bureaucracy has caught up with the scientific bureaucracy. It is, as of this writing, about equally difficult a) to schedule a Mass in the Latin Tridentine form and b) to construct a nuclear power plant.

Latin America Watch

THE SANDINISTAS sent their best wishes to Comrade Chernenko on the occasion of his receipt of the Order of Lenin and a third Hammer and Sickle medal. The Soviets responded by inaugurating the USSR-Nicaragua Friendship Society. . . . Nicaraguan election notes: Willy Brandt, head of the Socialist International, thought he had engineered a compromise between Sandinista Comandante Bayardo Arce and Arturo Cruz, the opposition Democratic Coordinating Com-

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mittee's candidate for president, but Arce walked out of the negotiations in a huff, embarrassing Brandt and further distancing the Socialist International from the Sandinistas. . . . President Thomas Sankara of Bourkina Fasso (formerly Upper Volta), who regained power in a military takeover a little more than a year ago, is back home after visiting friends in Managua and Havana. On the way, he stopped off at the UN to tell the General Assembly that he wasn't a Marxist. But Castro isn't likely to hold that against him: A platoon of Cuban "construction experts" accompanied Sankara back to Bourkina Fasso. . . . Libya's Colonel Qaddafi, who got burned when two of his planes were nabbed in Brazil loaded with arms for his friends in Central America, is now trying to work out a deal with the Brazilian government. Qaddafi wants to acquire submarines from Brazil's burgeoning arms bazaar. . . . When *Barricada*, the official newspaper of the Sandinistas, published an outline of the Contadora group's proposed regional peace treaty, it left out two major points: 1) the section stressing the importance of popular participation in authentic democratic processes and 2) the section about legal norms for a true amnesty and full re-establishment of all citizens' rights. . . . Sandinista quote of the week: Daniel Ortega, addressing a gathering of Sandinista organizations: "There is no civil war here. If there were a civil war here, some classes would be finished off. The people would completely do away with some of the existing classes." Portent?

François Truffaut, RIP

In *Day for Night*, François Truffaut's masterpiece about the making of a movie, the director Ferrand, played by Truffaut, is haunted by a nightmare of a little boy with a cane walking down a deserted street to a movie theater. The boy pries loose one of the movie stills hanging out front. The still is an advertisement for *Citizen Kane*, a movie about a little boy whose parents sent him away, who became famous, and who got everything he wanted, except love.

The nightmare crystallizes, maybe a bit too patly, the movie-obsessed life of François Truffaut. He ran away from an arid family at 11, and spent his adolescence working at odd jobs, skipping school, and going to—as he documented in his carefully kept files—thousands of movies. At 15 he formed a film club and drew the attention of André Bazin, the editor of *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Bazin more or less adopted Truffaut, and later fished him out of reform school (Truffaut was caught stealing metal doorknobs to support his film club) and military prison (Truffaut deserted so he would not miss the new movies coming to Paris). At 27, Truffaut made his first masterpiece, *The 400 Blows*, which launched the intensely autobiographical Doinel cycle of films.

Fisher, *Punch* / Rothco

"We're all good Samaritans—but he's a great *Samaritan."*

Truffaut confessed that movie life seemed more important than real life, and sometimes he seemed to be living only as research for his next film. His two artistic mentors were Hitchcock and Renoir, and at one point he hesitated for a while between marrying Hitchcock's daughter, Patricia, and one of Renoir's nieces. (The woman he eventually did marry, Madeleine Morgenstern, was the daughter of an important producer.) Unable to focus on anything but the cinema, he tried vainly throughout his life to learn English but never mustered the energy to become fluent. And unlike some of his more pretentious peers, he was uninterested in politics. "I wish sometimes I had learned how to swim, or how to ski, or other things," he once said. "I give too much time to the cinema. I've become a kind of voyeur. I prefer seeing to being seen. I prefer knowing to being known."

One wonders what kind of movie Truffaut would have made in the last year of his life, when he knew he was dying of cancer. The film need not have mirrored Charlie Kane's tragic Rosebud ending, because Truffaut found family happiness in his close relationship with his daughters. His daughters are named Eva, after the movie by Joseph Losey, and Laura, after the movie by Otto Preminger. —D. Brooks

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Wm:

Nice column, very nice, on JFK's unashamed anti-Communism. You get A+ in geopolitics.

However, in rhetorical studies you get D- for calling symploce an instance of anaphora. It would have been a C- if you had found the right adjectival form

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(you had a choice between anaphorical and anaphoral). But, alas, you fell between the stools—an instance of *lapsus horridus*.

I refer you to Henry Peacham's *Garden of Eloquence* (1577), portions of which are presented in Willard Espy's book of the same title (1983). Herewith Peacham on symploce:

> Symploce, when many members following have the same beginning and the same end, comprising both Epanaphora, and also Epiphora, thus. Who were they that often broke their leagues? The Carthaginians. Who were they that made cruel war in Italy? The Carthaginians. Who defaced all Italy? The Carthaginians. Who crave pardon now? The Carthaginians. This figure is more pleasant, if every repetition following have one word more than the repetition going before, thus. Remember Sodom and Gomorrah; remember the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah; remember the sin and destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

A pity that Espy felt moved to modernize the spelling. I love those old weird capitals, variant endings, breathy commas, and doodads, what Lord Timothy Dexter called salt and pepper. He was the one, you know, who didn't believe in punctuation. He wrote a whole book without benefit of stops. In the end papers he ran eight or ten pages of nothing but commas and periods and semicolons, "salt and pepper," with which he invited his reader to sprinkle his pages to his heart's content.

Well, that's about it for today. I am far too busy to go into these matters in the depth they deserve.

SSSqbsm,
Wm
[William F. Rickenbacker]
West Boxford, Mass.

Dear Wm: I stand corrected. I stand much corrected. I stand very much corrected. Gratefully, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While doing some research for a local chapter of the Federalist Society, I came upon the following definitions in the Oxford English Dictionary (1971):

> **Democratic:** U.S. politics (with capital D). Name of the political party . . . which favors strict interpretation of the Constitution with regard to the powers of the general government and of individual States, and the least possible interference with local and individual liberty.
>
> **Republican:** In U.S. politics . . . a party . . . which favors liberal interpretation of the Constitution, extension of the central power, and a protective tariff.
>
> **Liberal:** Of political opinions: Favorable to constitutional changes and legal or administrative reforms tending in the direction of freedom or democracy.
>
> **Conservative:** The most common current designation of one of the two great English political parties, the characteristic principle of which is the maintenance of existing institutions political and ecclesiastical.

It appears that the learned scribes of Oxford were dipping into the sherry when they wrote these definitions. When I first read them, I was tempted to despair of ever understanding politics. Recently, however, a perfect solution occurred to me: simply admit that Reagan's party is composed of liberal Democrats while Mondale's party is composed of conservative Republicans. If this admission arouses disbelief, we could put the Department of Education to good use (perhaps for the first time) and have it distribute one copy of the OED to each household in America.

Sincerely,
Karl F. Oles
Seattle, Wash.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I enjoyed the feature on light-bulb humor ["The Gentleman's Light-Bulb Jokes," Sept. 21]. But Mr. Grove's selection omitted what I have always considered the classic of the genre:

Q: How many liberals does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Six; one to screw it in, and five to write the environmental impact statement.

Sincerely,
Arthur L. Smith
Annandale, Va.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Somehow I feel ignored. I've tried without success to rub some blue ink from the covers of *NR*. No luck. Is it me, south Texas, or just good clean living?

Sincerely,
Riley G. Petty
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Dear Mr. Petty: We charge extra for extra blue ink. Inquire for prices. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW because I like the civil, intelligent approach to issues.

I was not prepared for the insolent, boorish manner publisher Rusher displayed on Sandi Freeman's show. His sustained, small-boy temper tantrum obscured any semblance of intelligence or rationality.

His appearance was a disservice to Ed Meese, himself, and NATIONAL REVIEW.

From where he seems to come from, disagreeing without being disagreeable may ask too much of him. But he should practice disagreeing without being downright obnoxious.

Ruth Hunter
Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Mrs. Hunter: We have set up a course for our publisher in Public Civility, MWF, 9-10. Will report progress. Cordially, **—WFB**

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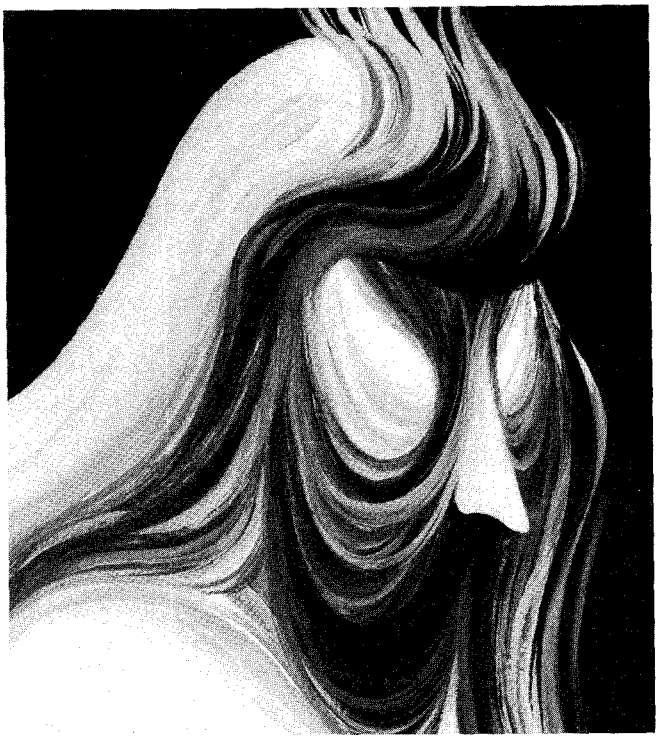

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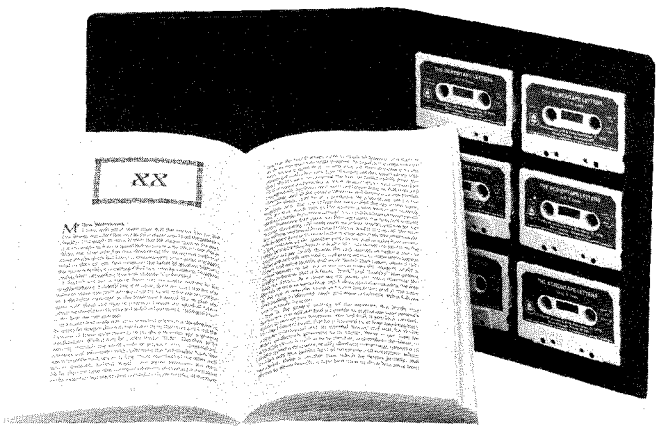

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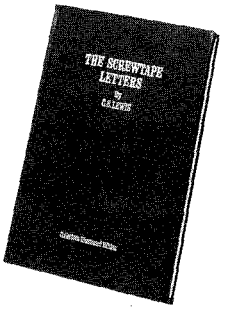

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STOCKMAN REDIVIVUS

THE FIRST intramural debate of Ronald Reagan's putative second term will be far more bloody and prolonged than earlier battles. It will feature two doughty antagonists, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and presidential aspirant Bob Dole *v.* the chairman of the House Republican Conference and presidential aspirant Jack Kemp. The debate will rage over deficit reduction and how to achieve it: Dole will call for taxes, Kemp for growth. "Politically," predicts a senior White House aide, "the Dole-Kemp brawl will be the first Republican presidential primary of 1988, with George Bush planted squarely in the middle." But the man to watch is none of the above. As Ronald Reagan's surrogate, David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, will have the legislative steering wheel in his hands.

The boy wizard of the early Reagan Administration, Stockman has been comparatively eclipsed since the December 1981 *Atlantic* article "The Education of David Stockman," with its disclosures that the youngest Cabinet officer of this century secretly believed that the 1981 tax cut was a Trojan Horse, constructed to hide the fact that Reagan's tax breaks were for the wealthy, with only trickle-down effects for everybody else. Stockman survived his subsequent woodshedding at Reagan's hands, and he was even chosen again this year to coach the President for his two election debates. "The President has a paternal fondness for Stockman," says a Reagan insider, "even to the point of joshing him about how he is used to take the heat for budget cuts."

Most observers—even Stockman's enemies—believe that Reagan's decision to hold on to his youthful OMB director was wise. Mr. Reagan will need all of Stockman's vast command of numbers and prose to subdue what Stockman calls "the debt monster." In this fiscal year, the national debt is due to rise to $1.7 trillion, with interest payments on that sum amounting to an incredible $130 billion this year alone. (Stockman upped the interest figure in an October 14 interview with me from the earlier projected $116 billion.) The interest on the national debt constitutes two-thirds of this year's budget deficit, and both the national debt and the interest payment are escalating rapidly: In fiscal 1981 interest was $69 billion; in fiscal 1985 it will be $61 billion more. J. Peter Grace, whom the President likes to quote for his research on fraud, waste, and abuse in government, says, "We are wrecking every family, young family, wanting to buy a home of their own. They are having to pay 2 per cent higher mortgages because of these federal deficits."

Stockman is determined to cut and cut. "Dave's been preparing for a second term for nearly three years," says an OMB official. "Since the spring of 1982 he's been putting numbers and analysis together for a second major budget thrust, one that will have the momentum of a mandate." In the interview noted above, Stockman made it clear that he wants to stay around for at least another year, and no one seems to think that the President wants it otherwise.

Entitlements are an obvious target for retrenchment. On October 9, Mr. Reagan averred that Social Security benefits for present and future recipients would not be tampered with. Stockman concurs, but adds that "entitlements is a generic name for literally hundreds of programs." One candidate for cutting that he explicitly cites is Civil Service Retirement.

Stockman knows that the size of the Republican win, especially in the House, will determine how deeply he can cut. "Dave will be counting heads carefully," says an OMB staffer. "If the votes are there, the knife will remove more fat, getting closer to the bone."

ANOTHER WAY to cut deficits, of course, is to raise taxes. When Martin Feldstein headed the Council of Economic Advisors, Stockman supported his call for deficit-cutting tax increases. In that October 14 interview, Stockman said that a flat tax in 1985 is neither "practical nor likely," but he had only praise for the Bradley-Gephardt and Kemp-Kasten semi-flat-tax measures.

Conservatives, though, are not convinced that Stockman favors reform as they do. Recently three Republican congressmen—Newt Gingrich, Vin Weber, and Connie Mack—met with Stockman, hoping to hammer out a high-growth scenario to solve the deficit problem, and hoping that he would list, say, 15 possible adjustments in tax and regulatory policy to encourage growth. "Stockman dismissed out of hand the concept of high-range growth," reported a participant, because of the allegedly unrealistic reductions in unemployment and unrealistic gains in productivity that such growth would demand. The congressmen left the office dejected and irked, feeling that a "grand compromise" was in the works, i.e., a combination of budget cuts and tax increases engineered by Stockman as the only way to reduce the deficit by measurable amounts.

So, on the Hill, Stockman's 1985 political efforts will be all upstream. Traditional conservatives will say Stockman isn't conservative enough, and liberals will resist because they have an insatiable addiction to spending other people's money. Were it not for Ronald Reagan, the young wizard from Michigan farm country wouldn't be *redivivus* at all. But with Reagan, the two pragmatists, armed with a big-mo mandate, may just win this last best chance to turn things around. □

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SPIEGEL REVISITED

THE COLLAPSE of the Soviet system no longer being necessarily a remote prospect, there is some intellectual excitement in speculating about the secret archives that might, at that point, emerge from 2 Dzerzhinsky Square, Moscow. If any, of course.

The Archives of the Wilhelmstrasse were a rich haul for historians of the Third Reich. It is more than possible, however, that the vaults of the KGB and its predecessors will contain little more informative than mounds of ashes and mountains of shredded paper. Even secret services in some of our open Western countries are in the habit of destroying evidence of what they once knew, or thought they did.

It would be interesting to know, however, whether the foulest deeds of Lenin's "All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for the Struggle against Counter-Revolution and Sabotage" (better known as the Cheka) are still recorded in black and white for future generations to ponder. Or whether the true version of Stalin's monstrous crimes is still (or ever has been) available in archival form, or only the version doctored by Khrushchev for his "secret speech" in February 1956.

One imagines that Khrushchev would have made sure that evidence of his own crimes, at Stalin's behest, became scarce about that time. Nor would it be surprising to learn that Chernenko, however rare his public appearances, found time to order the destruction of any incriminatory material that may have survived the post-Stalin era.

And I doubt whether any records survive of one of the most successful Soviet exercises in the manipulation of the Western press: the so-called "*Spiegel* Affair" of 1962. Fresh revelations were made in London a few weeks ago, following an abortive action for defamation brought by the publisher of the prosperous West German magazine, *Der Spiegel*, against Sir James Goldsmith, the financier and (at the relevant time) publisher of the now defunct British magazine *Now!*

The sinister truth behind the *Spiegel* affair should of course be familiar to *NR* readers, since it was in this magazine and in his widely syndicated column that William F. Buckley Jr. first revealed it. (To refresh your memory, the *Spiegel* affair involved the leaking to that magazine, over a long period, of sensitive documents from the German Defense Department, and the reaction by Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, which led to the torpedoing of his political career.) In the simplest terms, the truth was that the affair was orchestrated in Moscow.

The original source for this fact was the Czechoslovak defector General Jan Sejna, who came to the United States in 1968. General Sejna knew what he was talking about in that, in his former capacity as secretary of the ruling party's Defense Committee, the relevant papers had crossed his desk.

When Sir James Goldsmith repeated the charge of KGB orchestration in a speech in a House of Commons committee room in January 1981, and *Now!* carried the full text of the speech, Rudolf Augstein, publisher of *Der Spiegel*, issued a writ for defamation.

It was at this point that the *Spiegel* affair, revisited, took a quantum leap in magnitude. Sir James Goldsmith instituted a truly massive international research and investigation effort. The yield was impressive. Well in advance of the date fixed for the trial in London—October 8—the main charge no longer rested upon Sejna's uncorroborated evidence. Other defectors had had wind of the genesis of the affair. Among them was a high-level KGB man who was present at meetings in 1960 and 1961 in Moscow, where the whole thing was plotted.

The chairman at each of these meetings was the man I have dubbed the "grand master of subversion"—Boris Ponomarev, head of the Soviet party's International Department, direct descendant of Lenin's Comintern.

The target of the plot, named explicitly, was Franz Josef Strauss, at that time Defense Minister in Chancellor Adenauer's government. Why did the Soviets see Strauss as the one German leader who, at whatever cost, had to be stopped? Because Strauss, a brilliant orator and far the ablest of Adenauer's ministers, was, with Adenauer himself, the one German leader who thoroughly understood Communism and the Soviet threat. The possibility that Strauss might succeed Adenauer was something the Soviets intended to rule out.

Off the Record?

THAT WAS the real reason. The *stated* reason, for non-Soviets who were party to the plot, was rather different. Strauss was depicted as a "revanchist" and "Hitlerite" who must be stopped because, if he ever came to power, he would start another war between the German and Soviet peoples —a war of revenge for Hitler's defeat.

In retrospect, the plot was a brilliant success. Secret documents were planted on *Der Spiegel*, and in the subsequent crisis Strauss was forced out of office, his career, if not broken, at least severely damaged. It remains a classic example of Soviet techniques of disinformation and manipulation of the Western media. *Der Spiegel* was indeed the perfect vehicle for manipulation. As Sir James Goldsmith made clear, there was no suggestion that the magazine was a party to the Soviet plot, but Augstein and Strauss were on bad terms and the former was naturally receptive to anti-Strauss material.

Will all this be on the record, somewhere in Moscow, for Western historians of the future? Alas, I doubt it. Our best archives will probably continue to be the revelations of Soviet defectors to the West. □

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THE CONSENSUS VIEW

IN A RECENT issue of *The New Republic*, Robert Kuttner lamented that the Democrats had somehow managed to end up running for the Presidency with a "budget document" for a manifesto, while the Republicans had a more inspiring message. He wondered how "the party of Roosevelt got itself into this fix. The budgetary obsession has something to do with Walter Mondale's famous caution, but Mondale himself explains only a small part of the revenge of the fiscal nerds."

Well he's right to worry, and how it happened is a question worth pondering, although I'm not sure I follow his explanation, which has something to do with "a feel for networking and pamphleteering" on the "intellectual Right." (That's us, folks.)

Mondale's problem, I believe, was that in the end it was *he* who was isolated and out of touch with the American people: isolated by consensus, with an inexplicit ideology lurking beneath it. Reagan by contrast has remained commendably out of touch with the consensus. He may have been isolated by the Secret Service, but he has managed to stay in touch with common sense.

There is today an uncommonly powerful and oppressive orthodoxy—call it the Consensus View. I suppose this has always been a problem, but rarely in the past can it have been so narrowly focused and misguided. It grips the economics profession, the Council of Economic Advisors, some senior White House aides, much of Capitol Hill and Wall Street, pollsters (Reagan's included), Paul Volcker and the Federal Reserve Board, Harvard and Yale, David Stockman and Martin Feldstein, the Business Roundtable and the National Association of Manufacturers, the IMF and the World Bank, the "nonpartisan" Congressional Budget Office (CBO) and the Bipartisan Budget Coalition (which epitomizes it), and of course the usual media suspects. The Ten Commandments of the Consensus View can be boiled down to one: Thou shalt balance the budget—if not now, then in the outyears.

The story goes back to 1974, when the Budget Act was rewritten. Since then it has been virtually impossible to control spending. Moreover, this was plainly the purpose of the rewriting. In Washington at least there is *no* consensus that spending should be curtailed (witness the strong disapproval there of the balanced-budget amendment). As Senator Orrin Hatch said recently, you get credit in Congress, not blame, for voting to spend more today than yesterday. The upshot is that appeals to balance the budget turn out to be covert appeals to raise taxes.

The achievement (and purpose) of the 1974 Budget Act was to shift power from the executive branch to Congress. President Nixon was threatening to impound funds, and Congress seized the moment of Watergate-induced imbalance between those two branches of government to seize more power for itself. Media watchdogs, or rather lapdogs, delivered the expected ovation.

It was decreed that henceforth there would be . . . outyear budget projections. With specified inflation and growth forecasts, it was announced, everything could henceforth be fed safely into a computer, out would come future spending and revenue projections, and that meant the necessary policy corrections could be made well in advance of danger, which would be spotted the moment it came over the statistical horizon.

One immediate effect was to institutionalize a belt-and-suspenders approach to policymaking. ("It *would* be nice to have a tax cut, wouldn't it, but look what it does to deficits five years down the road. Sorry—too risky.") Another effect was to surrender economic-policy leadership to accountants. All the CBO computers humming away near Capitol Hill were mere window dressing intended to disguise this point. But what assumptions were being fed into the computers? That was the important question—and no one asked it or even seemed to realize that there was any such question. (Perhaps there was not enough networking and pamphleteering at the time.)

Voodoo v. the Consensus

As a result there was no policy recognition of the dynamic economic effects generated by price cutting. And remember that tax rates are prices—the price of government. If you lower the price of something then you will sell more of it, and more money will come into the till. (Voodoo Economics in a nutshell, but then no one had heard of Voodoo, or Supply-Side, Economics in 1974.)

When David Stockman showed up at the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) in early 1981, he could perhaps have changed all this. He could have insisted that budgetary and forecasting assumptions be brought into line with supply-side thinking. A big row would have ensued, and it is possible that he would have lost the argument, but at least the existing assumptions would have been exposed to view. And the principal existing assumption is: If you want to increase the money coming into the till, then you must raise the price of goods on the shelf (Consensus Economics). Probably what happened was that Stockman took a look around him, saw how influential and widespread the orthodoxy was, and decided that it would be simpler to join it than to fight it.

Five-year budget forecasting, and the caution that it induces in policymakers, has inflicted its damage on the U.S. economy. One shudders to think what the effects

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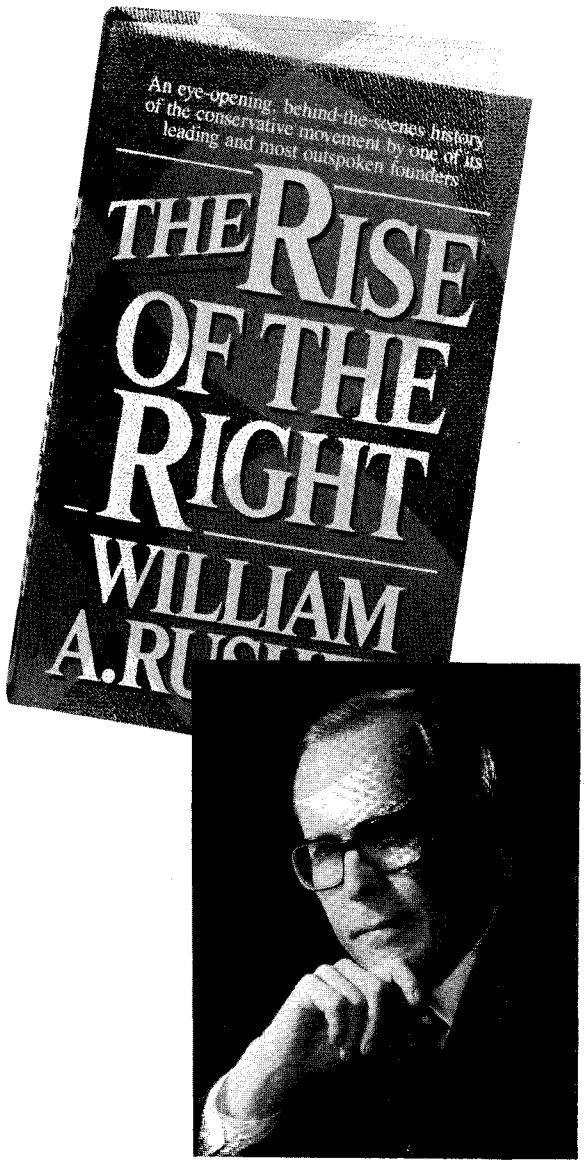
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would have been had American statesmen saddled themselves with such forecasting burdens in the early days of the Republic. Reagan correctly noted in the first debate that such budget projections are always wrong. An important policy change in a second term would be to change the Budget Act, either abolishing the outyear projections entirely, or incorporating dynamic price-cutting effects into the forecasts. Stockman at the outset recognized the key role that the OMB played, but he evidently shrank from the ideological battle entailed by changing the forecasting assumptions.

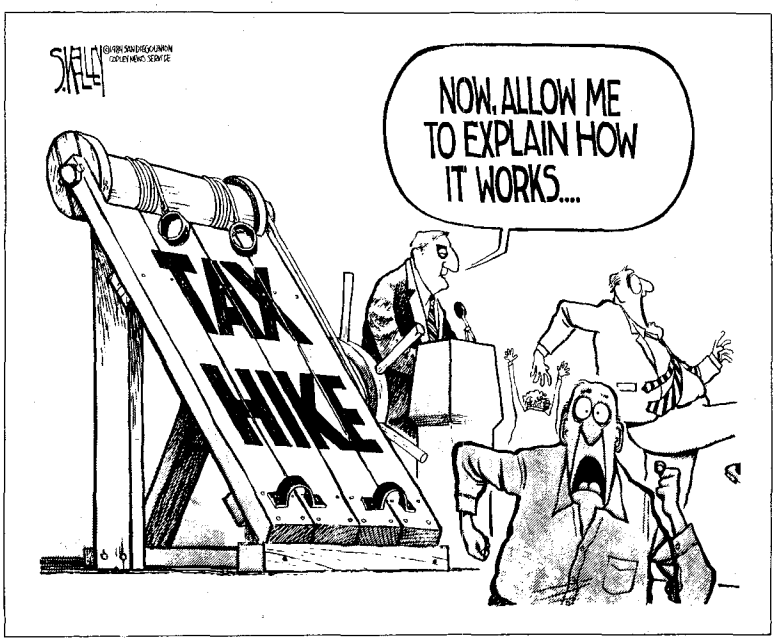
Readily accepting the Consensus View as he does, Walter Mondale found himself morally obliged to embrace the worst budget scenario that the computers had to offer (the CBO's). He dutifully raised the price sticker on government (i.e., promised to raise our taxes) and congratulated himself for courage when he meant obedience. In short, given his acceptance of Consensus premises and his rejection of Voodoo Economics, it was inevitable that he would end up seeming to run, as Kuttner put it, "for director of the Office of Management and Budget."

The Consensus is so singleminded about deficits that almost everything is attributed to them. Perhaps the most delicious and absurd moment in the campaign came when Mondale, literally in Peoria, found that his message did not play very well. The *Washington Post* reported:

> But when [Mondale] tried explaining that deficits drive up interest rates—thereby overvaluing the dollar against foreign currencies, stifling exports, and driving jobs and factories abroad—it was too many steps for the crowd to follow. The feedback was 3,500 blank stares.

Think about it: Big deficits cause strong currencies. It's utterly absurd, totally untrue—and an article of faith within the Consensus, repeated dozens of times on the *Washington Post* editorial page, for example. No wonder Walter Mondale ended up in a bind. When Consensus speaks, he listens.

Nothing in the 1984 campaign has been comparable to the wave of supply-side ideas that came sweeping along four years ago. A revolutionary reversal like that can probably only happen once in a generation, in any event. This year the dreary and unproductive discussion of deficits has dominated the economic-policy debate—but only on the surface. Throughout the campaign there has also been a subtext, dealing once again with supply-side ideas.



Trickling Down

It's amazing how long it can take for ideas to, well, trickle down. Supply-side economics was really little more than the reintroduction of common sense to economics, but this was (and still is) bitterly resisted. Nevertheless, there has been some encouraging progress. In 1980 George Bush was talking Voodoo; today he is campaigning cheerfully for economic growth. The battle for growth has been won. Not even Mondale is talking about the era of limits any more, even if he still believes, deplorably, that economic growth can be generated by higher taxes.

Another point worth celebrating is that the distinction between tax rates and tax revenues, and the possibility that the two might not always be in direct proportion, is now much more widely understood and accepted than it was in 1980. As I say, these things do take time to spread, no matter how straightforward they may at first seem.

I think the initial obstacle to grasping this important distinction can be explained as follows. Historically, for the middle class, tax rates have been fairly low in the U.S.—low enough that it was generally true to say that if you raised the rates, tax revenues would likewise increase. Thus the distinction between tax rates and revenues was never made because it was redundant: They both moved in the same direction. But then came the great inflation of the 1970s and a massive, unlegislated tax increase for the middle class. A recent study by Professors James Gwartney and James Long shows that between 1965 and 1981, the proportion of the population that faced a marginal tax rate of 28 per cent rose from 2.9 per cent to 46 per cent.

The result of this staggering yet surreptitious increase in the claims of government on our earnings is that further tax-rate increases will certainly be counterproductive; and many people now recognize the truth of this. It was true also in 1980—but novel. In 1984 it is increasingly obvious. Congress at last has begun to pay serious attention. Both the Kemp-Kasten Fair and Simple Tax and the Bradley-Gephardt flat-tax proposal acknowledge that we are now at the point of diminishing returns on the Laffer Curve, and that if tax revenues are to be increased in the future, then tax rates will have to be lowered now. The Brookings Institution has also proposed that the top tax rate be reduced: from 50 to 32 per cent.

It is too early to say what will become of these various flat-tax proposals next year. Perhaps nothing. There could easily be a standoff. The existing beneficiaries of the present tax structure might very well prevent any change in that structure. But what we can say is that if something resembling the Kemp-Kasten bill is enacted—the top tax rate would be reduced from 50 to 25 per cent under this proposal—then supply-side theory will become practice, at last. □

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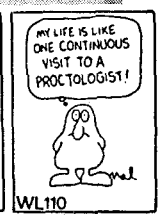

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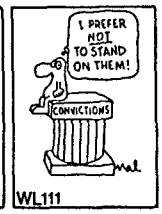

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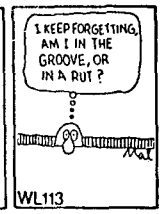

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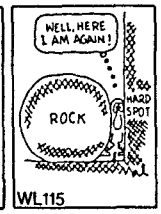

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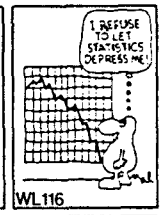

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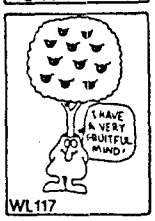

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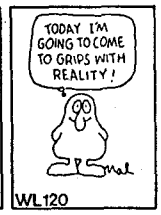

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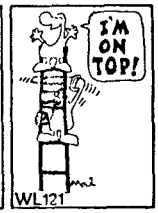

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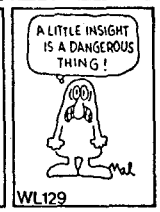

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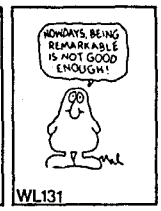

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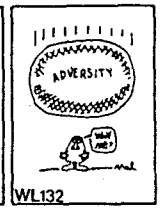

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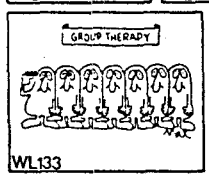

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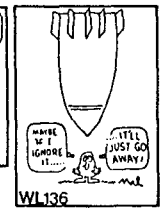

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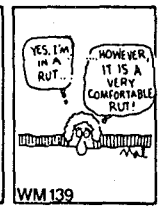

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The Senate Races: SIX HOT ONES

NORTH CAROLINA / GEORGE PHILLIP SHADROUI

SENATOR NO v. GOVERNOR MAYBE

JESSE HELMS, political folklore has it, once suggested that rather than expend taxpayers' money on a state zoo, the North Carolina General Assembly should simply construct a fence around the liberal University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. It doesn't matter if Helms ever uttered the remark, for its significance is symbolic. Helms is not a man who talks guardedly in the public arena, and even when he is clearly correct—which is more often than his detractors care to admit—he provokes or charms, abuses or coddles, always mindfully and unapologetically. Thus North Carolina, to paraphrase an old Shirley Bassey song, loves him, hates him, loves him . . .

The same is true of the country at large, which has taken an intense interest in the high-powered Senate race between Helms and his Democratic opponent, Governor Jim Hunt. Conservatives and liberals alike are calling the election crucial—second in importance only to the presidential contest—and some have been driven to rhetorical excess. Foes of Helms label him a "Neanderthal," and fervent supporters talk as if his candidacy were ordained by God.

Both sides are putting their money where they talk. By September, more than 180,000 people had donated more than $10 million to ensure Helms's reelection. Hunt had received almost $7 million from 75,000 people, and contributors include pro-Israel and environmental lobby groups and Hollywood liberals such as Norman Lear, Paul Newman, and Barbra Streisand. The national prominence of the campaign is further indicated by the fact that contributors from outside the state outnumber those from within.

Why so much interest in this rustic politician, this throwback to days long passed when Southern gentlemen flung open doors for folks with a bow and a flourish? After all, Helms, by virtually every account, is a private, shy man whose personal demeanor hardly warrants such public caricatures as "Senator No" and "Prince of Darkness." Yet, to understand the cacophony that constantly surrounds Helms, one must separate the public man from the private one.

It was almost 12 years ago when Helms, editorial director for WRAL-TV in Raleigh, sat before a crowd in Laurinburg, North Carolina, staring down at a plate of scrambled eggs, sausage, and toast. He probably smiled awkwardly when trying to play the political "Do you remember me?" game. But when he finally got up to speak, he became a committed ideologue who denounced pornographers, big government, and forced busing, who spoke of the spiritual decline of America and the horrible slaughter that would occur in Vietnam should the United States withdraw hastily. About school prayer, he said, "Some folks may think it is a dead issue, but I sure haven't forgotten about it and I bet you haven't either."

And, from a state that is 75 per cent Democratic, that had not elected a Republican senator in this century, Jesse Helms went to Washington promising to wage a crusade. Wage it he did.

Today, the Republican Party's agenda is remarkably similar to that of Helms, who played a major role in drafting it. It includes school prayer and a balanced-budget amendment, and it does not include the ERA. It reaffirms the United States as one nation under God, rejects abortion, and advocates a determined military buildup.

It was Helms and his powerful organization that brought a dying Reagan candidacy back to life by propelling the challenger over Gerald Ford

Mr. Shadroui grew up in North Carolina and attended the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, where he served a year as editor of the Daily Tar Heel, *the university student newspaper. He is currently living in North Carolina and working as a freelance writer.*

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in the 1976 North Carolina primary. The rest, as they say, is in the *New York Times*.

Helms did not relax following Reagan's eventual triumph but, instead, grew more influential and well known by, of all things, challenging the President from the right. He opposed the appointment of Caspar Weinberger as Secretary of Defense and filibustered against a gasoline tax that Reagan wanted passed. He was a vocal—perhaps the only—defender of Argentina after its invasion of the Falklands. More recently, he created a furor by accusing the Reagan Administration of improperly influencing the election in El Salvador. During all of this, Helms emerged as a point man for the New Right.

Now, you don't have to agree with Helms or the New Right down the line—and many conservatives don't—to concede an important point: Helms is an anomaly in this country, one of the few elected officials who is beholden to no one, not even the President he helped elect. The days when, as Henry Adams put it, statesmen guided public opinion and were little guided by it have gone the way of Jeffersonian government and other quaint, antique ideas. In these days of government by Gallup poll, Helms truly is an anachronism.

His opponent, Jim Hunt, is a master of government by Gallup and has spent most of his adult life building a political machine unmatched in state history. A career politician, he is a smooth, slick campaigner where Helms is stiff and uncomfortable. Hunt has gained a justified reputation for tailoring his message to different audiences. Critics attacked his performance as lieutenant governor, saying he spent more time building a political organization than he did running the state General Assembly. It was not long after his easy victory in 1976 that Governor Hunt began pushing to amend the state constitution, an effort that eventually allowed him to succeed himself. Even then, people were asking the governor about the outrageous Republican senator, and Hunt, a true party man, said Jesse Helms must go.

It is difficult to ascertain precisely what kind of senator Hunt would be. In campaign literature and before liberal groups outside North Carolina, Hunt has attacked Helms for his position on school prayer, only to later voice support for school prayer. When asked about Moral Majority's voter-registration drive, Hunt said he opposed special-interest registration. Less than two years later, he called for the registration of black voters, who, of course, vote overwhelmingly for Democrats. In February 1982, he told Democratic Party officials that Reagan's New Federalism was "absolutely wrong." Nine months later he told a business publication it was a sound concept. Rejuvenating education through fat teachers' raises receives high priority —but only in election years.

Nonetheless, Hunt has taken giant strides of late toward a comprehensive conservative position, endorsing a deficit-cutting plan similar to Reagan's and focusing on Helms's differences with the Reagan Administration. Hunt says he would not raise taxes to reduce deficits (although he had once called this option "fiscally sound"). This is the same Hunt (or is it?) who said, "Every day that Ronald Reagan serves as President of the United States, I think Jimmy Carter looks better and better."

Robert Bolt wrote in *A Man for All Seasons*, "We speak of being anchored to our principles, but if the weather turns nasty, you up with the anchor and let down where there's less wind." If Hunt has been yanking his anchor around, perhaps it is because he's seen polls that show Mondale trailing Reagan, and Helms—once 19 points back—running even with Hunt.

The campaign has been marked by mordancy. Hunt in one commercial suggests that Helms is sympathetic to death squads in El Salvador (because he has defended Roberto d'Aubuisson), and Helms has labeled Hunt—not without distortion—a "Mondale liberal." Debates between the candidates have resembled verbal brawls and confirmed fears that substantive political oratory is the one thing we won't hear before November 6.

Finally, a Tough Position

THE BOTTOM LINE will be turnout, specifically the turnout of black North Carolinians, who make up 22 per cent of the population and who heavily favor Hunt. They are not impressed with Helms's black press secretary, who points out that liberal politicians have locked a generation of black Americans into dependency on government. And, recalling anti-desegregation views of old, they dismiss Helms's well-documented testimony indicating that Martin Luther King Jr. was being used by Communist groups and that the cost of yet another federal holiday would be excessive.

Hunt, to his credit, finally took a tough position when he decided not to overturn the death sentence for convicted murderer Velma Barfield. Yet, the choice is clear and ultimately comes down to an age-old debate about the role of government. Hunt once said, "One of the best ways you

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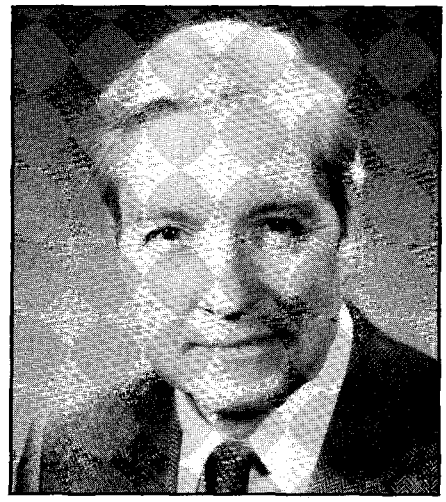
can heal the sick, feed the hungry, and help those in need is through government. Some of the most humane and Christian things in our society are being done by government."

Helms would point out that some of the most inhumane and un-Christian things in history also have been perpetrated by government. When North Carolinians cast their votes on election day, they will decide whether or not to quiet the voice of Jesse Helms and thus will set the tone of political debate in Washington for some years to come. □

ILLINOIS / JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THE LAST BALLGAME?



ON THE DAY of the first presidential debate—or political game show, if you prefer—the Cubs blew it in San Diego, and a heavy damp fog settled in over Chicago. At this writing, it's still there, blurring the view of the city, a proper setting for this year's blurry Senate race.

Up for re-election is Republican Senator Charles Percy, a three-term incumbent, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, erstwhile supporter of Nelson Rockefeller, currently one of Ronald Reagan's most vocal champions. His opponent is Representative Paul Simon from downstate Illinois, an old-line liberal Democrat, former small-town newspaper publisher, and author of eight books, one of them on the inability of Americans to speak or read foreign languages.

Percy wears a hearing aid and speaks in a deep, echo-chamber voice. Simon wears a bow tie and talks like a college professor. And that, many here believe, just about sums up the difference between them.

In the past two elections, Percy ran against Democrats (Roman Pucinski and Alex Seith) who were considered conservative. This left Percy free to pull together a cross-party constituency of Chicago blacks, liberals, Jews, independents, and Democrats from downstate. This time round, however, that constituency is no longer automatically in Percy's pocket. In his last race, for instance, Percy carried downstate Illinois against Alex Seith by nearly 47,000 votes. However, in a recent *Chicago Tribune* poll, Simon was shown as taking the downstate vote 44 to 40 per cent. In Cook County (Chicago) and its suburban "collar counties," the polls show Simon and Percy running approximately even. However, Percy also faces problems here, in both the city and the suburbs.

In the city, the black vote is crucial. It has been estimated that Percy took more than 30 per cent of that vote in 1978. However, the black community mobilized heavily behind Harold Washington in his mayoral race in 1983, and it shows signs of doing the same for Simon this year in the senatorial race. Perhaps the most ominous sign for Percy is that the mayor and the city-council Democrats who do battle with him daily are uncharacteristically teaming up on this one. Simon, in short, stands to benefit from both black and white ethnic support.

The white ethnic vote is key here. Simon courts it to a great extent by downplaying his perceived liberalism. "I come from probably the most conservative district in Illinois, and they bought my ideas," he says. "The reality is that people are not liberal or conservative. What people want is practical answers to practical problems. I'm a practical guy, and I think that will come across." This line, he hopes, will also play well with downstate Republicans.

Percy is similarly zeroing in on the white ethnic vote. Simon is receiving significant support from the old Percy constituency—blacks, organized labor, and Jewish organizations (Simon has received more funding from pro-Israel PACs than any other senatorial candidate running this year). Thus, Percy needs to make heavy inroads among those ethnic Democrats who are likely to cross over to vote for Reagan. And that means clinging tightly to the President's coattails.

"Paul Simon has been spend, spend, spend, tax, tax, tax," says Percy of Simon's opposition to the Economic Recovery Act of 1981. "Steady on the course and I'm with the President. We can't reverse a program that has worked so marvelously well and has been termed a miracle of economic recovery by every industrialized nation in the free world."

Senator Percy, in other words, once one of the brightest stars in the Rockefeller firmament, has been transmogrified into a solid Reagan Republican, for the votes he needs for re-election lie largely to the right. This inevitably leads to charges of convictions being determined by political expediency, and it lends ammunition to Simon's televised campaign commercials, which focus on Percy's perceived "flip-flops"—on, among other things, the B-1 bomber, minimum Social Security benefits, and Star Wars technology.

'No Mercy for Percy'

MOREOVER, Percy's problems are not just with Simon's attacks. He is also viewed with deep suspicion and sometimes open distaste by conservatives of both parties, as witness the recent and rather bizarre endorsement of a Libertarian with a French name by Terry Dolan, Howard Phillips, and Richard Viguerie. At times this distaste is directly related to a particular issue: Because of his position on abortion, for instance, the National Pro-Life Political Action Committee has launched a drive using the theme "No mercy for Percy."

Mr. Coyne works in Chicago, roots for the Cubs, and usually votes Republican.

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At other times, however, the distaste seems more grounded in instinct. Says Governor James Thompson, who has been campaigning hard for Percy: "Some Illinois Republicans have never liked Chuck, not even on philosophical grounds." And then there's the comment made a few years back by Barry Goldwater: "It's not that Percy is too liberal, it's that he's too inconsistent. He wanders all over hell's half acre."

Unlike Percy, Simon is considered a known quantity who arouses few visceral feelings. He has served in Congress since 1974, and has a consistently liberal voting record, which won him an ADA rating of 75 per cent in 1982. In Illinois, however, he is viewed less as a far-left liberal than as a moderate. His supporters point out, for instance, that although he takes the AFL-CIO position on labor issues in the Education and Labor Committee, his primary concerns are cultural issues such as aid to the arts, libraries, and language programs. Also, they say, he can be counted on for consistency.

Perhaps. But Simon has also in the past been known as a big spender and an advocate of extensive tax increases. Today, however, he is rapidly backing off. If Percy is attempting to ride Reagan's coattails, Simon is trying to cut loose from Mondale's. He has distanced himself from the Mondalean call for tax increases, and instead concocted an anti-deficit scheme that calls for, among other things, a tax hike for corporations, closing loopholes and exemptions, and limiting defense-spending growth to 3 per cent.

There may or may not be inconsistency here on both sides. But whether the motivation is pro-coattail or anti-coattail, there are certain differences. Percy's economic position, for instance, is Reaganite, based on the assumption that the deficit will be wiped out by economic recovery. On Central America Percy is pro-*Contras*, Simon anti. Percy supports major funding for the B-1 bomber and MX missile; Simon does not. Percy wants to decontrol prices for natural gas; Simon does not. Percy supported the sale of AWACS to Saudi Arabia; Simon did not. Percy says he's for silent prayer in schools; Simon's position seems ambivalent.

On two of the stormier issues of the day, however, Percy and Simon take identical positions: They both strongly support the ERA; and they both sup- →

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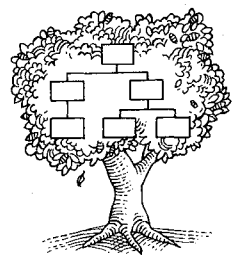

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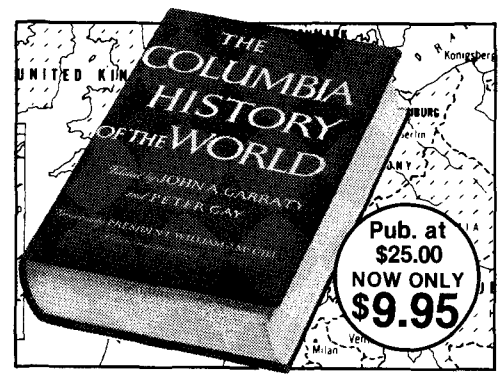

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and ask for change.

KATH HOWELL

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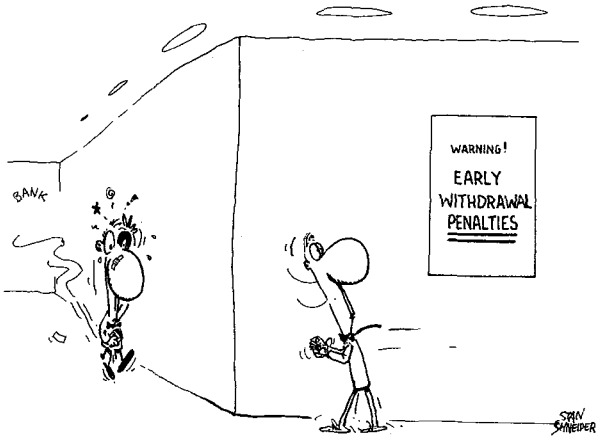

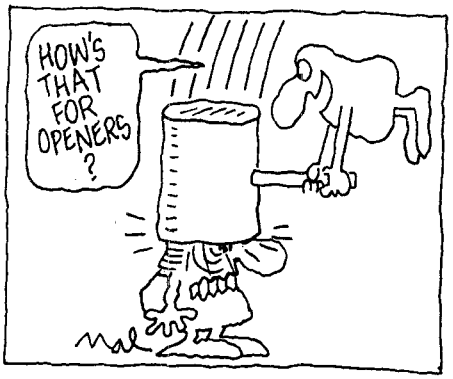

"This is one of those days when I just don't feel *like flying as the crow flies."*

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port the 1973 Supreme Court decision permitting abortion on demand. Basically, then, Simon and Percy differ on economic and foreign-policy concerns, while on the social issues their positions are often identical. This lack of distinction may be why the campaign is characterized by a certain blurring—that, plus the scramble on the part of both candidates, but especially Percy, to dim that once radiant liberal image.

That also may be why much of the campaign advertising has a certain nasty edge. In a Simon ad, Percy flips upside down, then right side up, while a voice-over says Percy did a "flip-flop-flip" on the B-1. In a Percy ad, a Simon head swivels from left to right like a ventriloquist's dummy. And at times, the campaign descends to trivialization. Percy, for instance, criticizes Simon's vote against deleting some $88,000 from the budget to pay operators of automatic elevators in the U.S. House of Representatives. Simon argues that the operators are needed to guide tourists. Percy responds that guards and signs can do that. And so on.

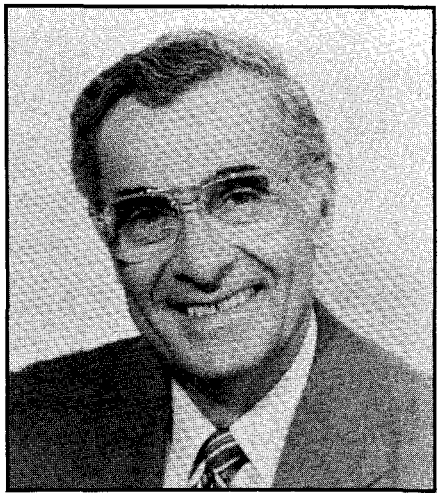
Ideological blurring, apparent flip-flops, visceral reactions among conservatives, shifting constituencies—these and related factors make the race a tossup, and at times a boring one. And that is unfortunate, for there is a great deal at stake, especially for Percy and perhaps for the Republican Party.

If Percy loses, then he also loses the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee. True, many conservatives would prefer to see Jesse Helms in his place. But that presupposes a Helms victory in his own race, and, anyway, many Washington observers believe that Helms is more interested in domestic matters—especially agriculture—than in foreign affairs. And then, of course, there is the ultimate loss. Percy may not please everyone—or anyone, for that matter—in his role of chairman. But he is also a Republican, helping to provide a thin majority in the Senate. If he loses, and a couple of other senators go with him, Republicans will lose control of the Senate. And that would effectively handcuff the second Reagan Administration for the next four years.

In the end, barring a final disastrous debate or a quirk of nature, Percy's future rides with Ronald Reagan. How big he wins will probably determine whether Percy squeaks back in or goes home. The Cubs can wait till next year. But for Percy, riding Ronald Reagan's coattails, this could be the last ballgame. □

MASSACHUSETTS / DAVID BRUDNOY

A RAY OF HOPE



RAY SHAMIE is maddening. The 62-year-old Massachusetts entrepreneur, the hero of an archetypally rags-to-riches success story, doesn't know his place.

In 1982 he failed to act the part of a Republican sacrificial lamb losing gracefully to Senator Edward Kennedy; he lost all right, but he wasn't trounced, and in consolidating conservative support from disaffected Democrats and independents he laid the groundwork for a revitalized GOP of a mildly rightward stripe. This year, alone among Republicans, he challenged Senator Paul Tsongas *before* Tsongas retired from the race owing to lymphatic cancer. Then, when former Massachusetts Attorney General and federal Secretary of Everything Elliot Richardson suddenly remembered where Massachusetts was and returned to the Bay State to challenge Shamie for the Republican nomination, Shamie refused to roll over and play dead.

Those were the lean months, the winter and spring of Ray Shamie's discontent, when even many conservative Republicans slid away from Ray, smelling in "Mugsy" Richardson a winner against any of the six (later four) contenders for the Democratic nomination. By July the *Boston Globe* had virtually conceded the nomination to Richardson, as every poll indicated that Ray Shamie would lose. But Shamie stood with the Republican national platform in August while Richardson disavowed it; he agreed to every media debate (including one proposed by my staff for WRKO Radio) while Richardson chose not to confront Shamie whenever he could avoid it; and he uttered homespun truths about the economy and national defense while Richardson politely lectured, complicated, and befuddled. Lazarus was nothing compared to Shamie on primary day, September 18, whipping Richardson 175,531 to 104,596, better than 3 to 2. "Mugsy" Richardson began looking for a job, and Shamie began playing underdog again, this time to the narrowly selected Democratic nominee, Lt. Governor John Forbes Kerry.

Since President Reagan's re-election seems certain, a larger than usual share of media attention has focused on the unlikely, even uppity, assault upon Massachusetts's Democratic hegemony mounted by the enormously likable but politically inexperienced Ray Shamie. Chatter about Mr. Reagan's coattails and their length dominates national news of the Bay State, while only local comment has stressed Shamie's excellent showing in traditional bastions of Democratic strength like South Boston and the post-primary movement toward Shamie among so-called "renegade" Democrats, officeholders and laymen alike, reflecting the ideological differences between the candidates, which are as striking as the differences in their ages, images, and approaches.

Shamie is a traditionalist conservative businessman manifestly faithful to Ronald Reagan's approach to interna-

Mr. Brudnoy is a syndicated columnist, film critic, and New England's leading radio talk host. He's also deputy sheriff of two Massachusetts counties.

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tional and domestic matters; Kerry is a quintessentially liberal go-getter who has vowed to fight against everything Reagan stands for. Except for his Gary Hart-like semi-realism on economic development, miles away from Mondalean nonsense, John Kerry seems destined to earn ACU ratings of zero and ADA ratings of 100 if the voters do indeed send him to the Senate.

Glib v. *Unassuming*

WHO *is* John Kerry? Ayn Rand might have asked, and one can answer with less verbiage than she required to tell the world who John Galt was. The 39-year-old Denver-born Kerry is half Irish and half WASP—his only real Democratic rival for the nomination, now lame-duck Congressman James Shannon, tried to make something of Kerry's Forbes side —and has learned how to talk like a Kennedy: He has enough "idears" to keep "hahhhf" the lights burning in a liberal think-tank. He has been running for something ever since he looked in the mirror one day and discovered that he was handsome. He is still handsome and still running. He is also witty, while Shamie is something of a shy guy, and he is as glib in debate and as unctuous in repartee as Shamie is unassuming and straightforward.

John Kerry knew that he was special when he was tapped for Skull and Bones at Yale, from which he graduated in 1966. His navy career was honorable, capped by three Purple Hearts, and notable for the cushy job he got in 1969 as an admiral's aide. He tried to run for Congress in 1970 but deferred to Father Robert Drinan, whereupon he emerged as the leading spokesman for Vietnam Veterans against the War, then ran for Congress in 1972 and went down to defeat even as George McGovern was being elected President of Massachusetts. Thereupon Kerry toyed with congressional races in two different districts, finally took a job as an assistant district attorney, and in 1982 narrowly won the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor, beating the party's endorsed candidate, former Dukakis Secretary of Consumer Affairs Evelyn Murphy, who lost primarily because another woman entered the race and siphoned off votes from more stridently liberal women.

In his comeback victory, former Governor Michael Dukakis found himself accompanied by John Kerry. Now governor again, Dukakis endorsed nobody for the Senate nomination and is thought to be of mixed opinion about Kerry, whose election to the Senate would liberate the governor from him but make him a likely holder of the seat for decades. Since Governor Dukakis has probably the worst relations with the White House of any of the nation's governors—Lt. Governor Kerry is something of a liaison between the People's Republic of Massachusetts and the United States—and since some Massachusetts Democrats, among them two high-ranking Dukakis officials, have sought *Shamie's* help in getting federal aid for a major Boston transportation project, rather generous doubts exist even among the more resolute Kerryites that a Senator John

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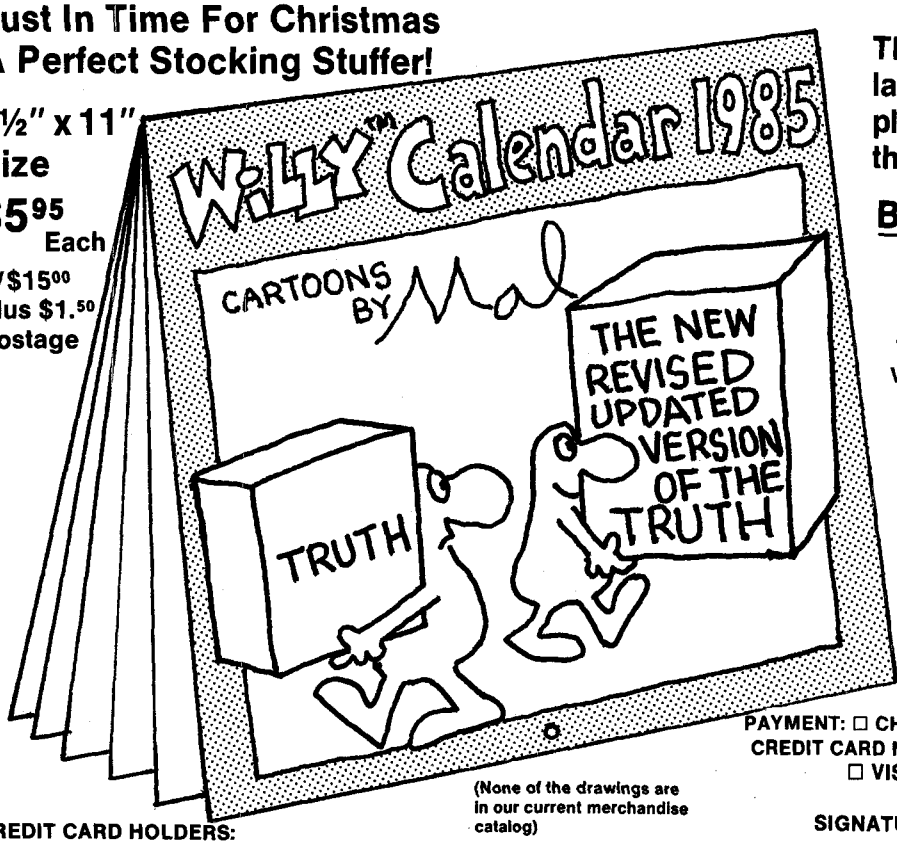

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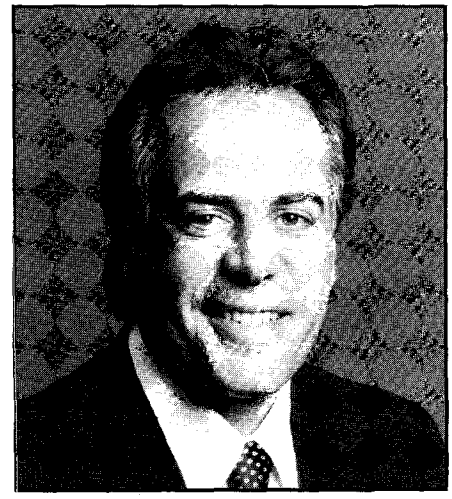
Kerry could, to borrow a phrase from Ted Kennedy's first Senate race, do more for Massachusetts.

Readers of this journal don't need an itemized list of Shamie positions: what Reagan's been preaching, Shamie's now teaching. Strong defense, no new taxes, liberation of the economy from the bureaucratic tinkerers, individualism instead of collectivism, no busing, the works. Kerry has attempted to make something of the fact that Shamie hasn't promised to sacrifice his wife if he ever votes for even the slightest increase in any kind of tax, but since Kerry said on television in April that "we've been left no choice but to accept some kind of tax increase," he's not making much headway branding Shamie as a taxer. Actually Kerry's not making much headway attacking Shamie at all. An ultra-right-winger? Kerry called him a Bircher, which he's not and never has been. (The *Globe* recently profiled Shamie in a front-page article, "Running Hard on the Right," spinning its liberal wheels trying to saddle him with all the baggage of the New Right, which is not at all Shamie's thing either.) To Kerry, Shamie is dangerously "simplistic"; to Sugar Ray Shamie, Kerry is just more of the same.

Whether Ray Shamie becomes the Bay State's first senator of French-Syrian Catholic descent, or whether Massachusetts has a Forbes in its future, the race is close. Kerry leads, but since Ed Brooke bit the political dust in 1978 there's been no Republican hereabouts with as much appeal, decency, and attractiveness as Ray Shamie, running for anything. Don't mortgage your house on the outcome, but don't write Ray off yet. □

WEST VIRGINIA / WILLIAM P. CHESHIRE

DEEP, DEEP POCKETS



WHEN HE stepped down several years ago as chairman of Jimmy Carter's Coal Commission, West Virginia's Democratic Governor John D. (Jay) Rockefeller IV received as a farewell gift a huge silver bowl.

"Just what I've always wanted," Rockefeller said, holding up the trophy. "It goes with my spoon."

Though Rockefeller may joke about being rich—his personal fortune is thought to exceed $150 million—West Virginians have learned to take his money seriously. Four years ago, in what began as a tight race against former Governor Arch Moore Jr., Rockefeller spent $11.6 million, all but $245,000 of it out of his own deep pockets. His lavish outlays buried the $1-million Moore campaign and shattered the political spending record of $10 million set by Jay's Uncle Nelson in New York in 1966.

This year, running for the U.S. Senate against a political newcomer, Republican John Raese, Rockefeller may set another record for luxurious politicking. By Labor Day this year his campaign reports showed expenditures of $5.9 million. "I will spend whatever it takes," Rockefeller has been known to boast without shame.

The reason he must invest so heavily in beguiling the voters is apparent to anyone familiar with West Virginia, where an historically hardscrabble life has worsened appreciably under eight years of Rockefeller's indifferent stewardship. Elected governor in 1976 largely on the strength of promises to lift the state to its feet, Rockefeller goes out of office amid what can only be described as economic devastation.

"If there is one thing I know I can do as governor better than anyone else," he had assured the state, "it is to produce jobs for West Virginia. This you can count on or my name isn't Jay Rockefeller."

Voters drew the intended conclusion: Rockefeller would exploit his family connections to subdue the state's rampaging unemployment. To enhance this impression, Rockefeller's 1980 TV spots featured nationally known industrialists congratulating West Virginians on their good fortune in having a gubernatorial candidate with so much "clout."

But Rockefeller's influence evidently was exhausted in persuading industrialists to endorse his candidacy. Not only did new businesses not flock to West Virginia; old businesses moved away, fleeing what Alexander Grant & Co., the Chicago accounting firm, described last year as the most poisonous business climate anywhere in the 48 contiguous states.

Since 1981, when Rockefeller began his second term as governor, West Virginia has lost 35,000 jobs in manufacturing and another thirty thousand in coal mining. As he prepares to leave office, while most of the nation celebrates a brisk economic recovery, West Virginia's economy still languishes in double-digit unemployment—at 14.5 per cent, the highest in the country.

Rockefeller's response has been threefold: to deny the incontrovertible evidence of distress, to browbeat critics of his own performance, and to bamboozle the state's impoverished voters by means of extravagant media hype and less sophisticated diversions such as banjo picking and all the drumsticks they can eat. (Guests at a Rockefeller campaign outing in Huntington once devoured $14,500 worth of Kentucky Fried Chicken.)

"I'm sick and tired of hearing our state talked down," an irritated Rockefeller fired back at a Beckley newspaperman who raised the unemployment issue at a carefully confected "Rockefeller appreciation" meeting. "I think one problem with the business climate is some people in the media. We can spend our time worrying, listening to

Mr. Cheshire is editorial editor of the Washington Times. *Until February he was editor-in-chief of the* Charleston Daily Mail *in West Virginia.*

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people in the media and some business people putting the state down, but I'm getting sick of it."

The business people to whom he referred included disheartened coal-mine operators, whose association last year bought time during radio broadcasts of West Virginia University football games to complain that state government had "made West Virginia too costly for employers to come to, or stay in." In response to pressure from Rockefeller, the university's regents, who control the football broadcasts even as Rockefeller controls *them*, ruled that "issue" advertising would no longer be allowed.

Some West Virginians maintain that, consumed by burning ambition and insulated by great wealth, Rockefeller has no more than a superficial concern for the needs of his adopted state. This was once the view of now friendly United Mine Workers officials, who were then miffed by Rockefeller's early opposition to strip mining.

"It would appear," the UMW's Griff Jarrell told an angry crowd of miners several years ago, "that Mr. Rockefeller is attempting to get more West Virginians on the rolls of the West Virginia Department of Welfare so he will be able to dominate a greater number of people." Rockefeller obliged Jarrell by adopting his view of strip mining and now gets the UMW's endorsement.

Jay Off-Balance

ON THIS and other issues—gun control, public-employee bargaining, abortion—Rockefeller has abjured a foolish consistency. He once told the students at a Catholic high school that he opposed abortion and, three hours later, assured a liberal audience that abortion was a woman's right. (He now fudges on the issue.)

Capitalizing on his years in office, Rockefeller has tried to belittle his opponent, "ordinary millionaire" John Raese, a Monongalia County manufacturer with radio and television interests. The strategy worked until an October 11 television debate, when an able and aggressive Raese succeeded in keeping the experienced Rockefeller off balance.

"It amazes me that we have 112,800 people out of work today in West Virginia," Raese said, hammering away at Rockefeller's repeated claims of influence. "If you have all this clout, why has West Virginia suffered so much in the last four years?"

Rockefeller tried to blame Ronald Reagan's "massive tax-gashing"—as if raising the federal income tax would put coal miners back to work. But even Democrats guffawed, and post-debate polls showed Rockefeller's substantial lead beginning to shrink.

Even so, Rockefeller's well-oiled campaign appears unstoppable. Unencumbered by weighty political principles and fueled by a gush of megabucks undiminished by the liberal campaign-financing "reforms," the Rockefeller choo-choo barrels toward the U.S. Senate and, some shudder to think, perhaps toward the White House itself. □

TEXAS / WILLIAM MURCHISON

WAR OF SUCCESSION

"TEXAS, OUR TEXAS," goes the state anthem, "all hail the mighty state." You ought to see them hail it these days, Republicans and Democrats alike, bidding for the Lone Star State's 29 electoral votes.

Mondale, Ferraro, Reagan, and Bush keep darting in and out of the state, by way of affirming how central Texas is to both parties' election strategy.

Ever since 1928, when it forsook the party of the Confederacy and went for Hoover, Texas has qualified as a wild-card state. It returned meekly to the Democrats during the New and Fair Deals. Then Eisenhower took it twice, and, afterward, Kennedy, Johnson, Humphrey, Nixon, Carter, and Reagan. No Democratic presidential candidate in the twentieth century has won without Texas.

The strong probability in 1984 is that Texas, with its 5 per cent unemployment rate and its native patriotic zeal, will once more go for Reagan. A *Washington Post*/ABC poll in early October showed the President 21 percentage points ahead.

Is an extra splash of Tabasco wanted? Then behold the U.S. Senate race —one of the fieriest in all the land.

Conservative Republican Congressman Phil Gramm of College Station wants the seat of retiring Republican Senator John G. Tower. Liberal Democrat Lloyd Doggett, a state senator from Austin, wants it, too—and, to get it, he is prepared to say almost anything about Gramm. The Gramm-Doggett race is Texas politics at its bloodiest; which is bloody indeed.

The seat at stake was Lyndon Johnson's until he ascended to the Vice Presidency, whereupon Tower captured it in a special election, becoming Texas's first Republican senator (not to mention statewide officeholder) since Reconstruction. With Tower standing aside, after 23 years, there ensued the War of the Texan Succession.

Gramm was a vigorously pro-Reagan Democratic congressman until 1983, when Speaker O'Neill and House Majority Leader Wright angrily sought to heave him out of the party. Brer Gramm, he landed right in the briar patch. He promptly resigned his seat, won re-election as a Republican, and became a sort of political folk hero. In last spring's Republican primary, he won the senatorial nomination with three-fourths of the vote. The Democrats, in their own primary, split their votes almost evenly for the liberal Doggett, the moderate ex-Congressman

Mr. Murchison is associate editor of the Dallas Morning News.

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Bob Krueger, and the conservative West Texas Congressman Kent Hance.

In the acrimonious runoff—Doggett's television ads portrayed Hance as a liar and a "butler" for Reagan—Doggett barely won. The election left the Democrats sorely divided.

In days of yore the Texas Democratic Party was as conservative as a double-breasted suit. Although many conservatives and moderates still call themselves Democrats, they no longer run the show. The urban liberals run it. Doggett is their archetype—smart, young, blow-dried. If there is a conservative bone in his body, exploratory surgery would be needed to find it.

"Young Doggett," gushes one liberal newspaper columnist, "is simply the best I've seen in twenty years of watching Texas politics"—a statement that suggests the need to watch Texas politics with both eyes open.

Doggett's campaign budget is fat with cash from eight out-of-state fundraising events. Labor has given him half a million dollars. But a gay bar in San Antonio that scheduled a male-strip-show benefit for Doggett gave Gramm a platform for questioning his opponent's commitment to family values. (Doggett was obliged to repudiate the event.)

In return, Doggett calls Gramm "a dangerous extremist" for "cutting" Social Security, raping the environment, resisting "arms control," and opposing the ERA. According to Doggett, the *National Journal* rates Gramm as "the single most conservative member of Congress." Shudder.

Below the Belt

WHY BE civil to such a ratfink? Against Gramm, Doggett has run the nastiest TV spots seen in Texas since—well, since Doggett's anti-Hance advertisements. In one of them a Gramm mimic cries: "Look at that! Look at that! They're encouraging people to be handicapped." Cut to a boy in a wheelchair. No hint of the context or circumstances in which Gramm spoke the words. The only context important to Doggett lies below the belt. Doggett has husbanded his campaign cash and may spend as much as $2 million on advertising between now and the election. It's going to be a nasty few weeks.

Nevertheless, Gramm was the undoubted leader as of mid-October, running ten to 15 points ahead in the polls (one to four points ahead in Doggett's own polls). He has campaign coordinators and steering committees in 235 of the state's 254 counties.

Of crucial importance, the bulk of these backers are Democrats—former Hance and Krueger supporters. Their aid, together with the natural conservatism of rural Texas, should give Gramm quite an edge.

A record number of voters are registered in Texas, owing to the exertions of both parties. It was initially believed that new registrants would be mostly Democrats. Now it seems that a large number may be pro-Reagan. If Reagan wins big in Texas, as seems probable, that by itself would likely ensure Gramm's victory over Doggett.

Gramm is an unusually acute and energetic politician—a former Texas A&M economics professor who revels in the cut and thrust of Washington politics. There is no more unflinching conservative on Capitol Hill. He's a hot item, likely to get all the hotter if he makes it to the Senate. □

COLORADO / MICHAEL W. ROSEN

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

TO OUTSIDE observers, Colorado may appear to be ideologically schizophrenic. It has a Republican majority in both houses of the state legislature—one of only 11 such states in the country; a Democrat, Richard Lamm (Governor Gloom, of "duty to die" fame), is its chief executive; its congressional delegation includes conservatives like Bill Armstrong, Hank Brown, Ken Kramer, and Dan Schaefer along with neoliberals like Gary Hart and Tim Wirth, and a plain old liberal like Patricia Schroeder.

The apparent contradictions are largely explainable by circumstances, general and particular. For one thing, Colorado can be divided into two primary camps: Denver/Boulder and the rest of the state. Denver/Boulder is a bastion of liberalism; most of the rest of the state is conservative. Individual districts have their own identities, however, and the statewide consensus can shift. Colorado's registered voters are 32 per cent Democratic, 32 per cent Republican, and 36 per cent unaffiliated. A Republican, to win statewide, must cut his losses in Denver. In 1980, for example, Democratic Senator Gary Hart won reelection by just 19,000 votes out of 1.2 million cast; that is, he lost by about 35,000 in the rest of the state but won by 54,000 in Denver.

In 1984, incumbent Republican Senator William Armstrong faces Democratic Lt. Governor Nancy Dick. Governor Lamm is said to have considered a Senate race in 1984 but decided to avoid running against the incumbent Armstrong and instead to wait until 1986 when Gary Hart may step down to begin his 1988 presidential campaign. Nancy Dick emerged as the default candidate this time around.

Senator Armstrong has owned a radio station, and he served for ten years as a state legislator and six years as a member of the U.S. House of Representatives before defeating incumbent Democratic Senator Floyd Haskell in 1978. (Incumbency is not synonymous with security in Colorado: Three incumbents in the last ten years have lost their Senate seats, and Hart

Mr. Rosen is vice president of the Shavano Institute, a columnist for the Denver Post, *and host of a Denver radio talk program.*

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barely escaped being the fourth.) Armstrong is 47 years old, attractive, fluent on the issues, and solidly conservative.

Nancy Dick became lieutenant governor in 1978 and was re-elected in 1982. She was a state legislator from 1975 to 1978, representing Pitkin County, centered on the ski resort of Aspen. Mrs. Dick, 54, became active in politics after her husband died in an accident. In spite of the office she holds, she was not a high-profile public figure prior to this campaign.

Wittingly or unwittingly, she has presented herself as a Walter Mondale liberal. She has embraced the obligatory anti-defense, pro-social-spending positions; the feminist agenda; protectionism and support of big labor; foreign-policy defeatism and neo-isolationism. Her advertising campaign has attacked Armstrong's pro-defense posture and his support of Reaganomics. The desperation and stridency one senses in the national Democratic campaign ads are even more apparent in Mrs. Dick's. Her heavy-handed treatment of Armstrong's overt Christianity as a violation of church-state separation has not caught on as a campaign issue and has probably offended more people than it has attracted.

Mrs. Dick's victory in the Democratic primary over an Hispanic drained much of the enthusiasm from her potential support in that community. She doesn't give the impression of being particularly well informed on national and international issues and looks even worse by comparison with the articulate Armstrong. Her campaign lacks a cohesive theme, is short on money and organization, and has never really gotten off the ground.

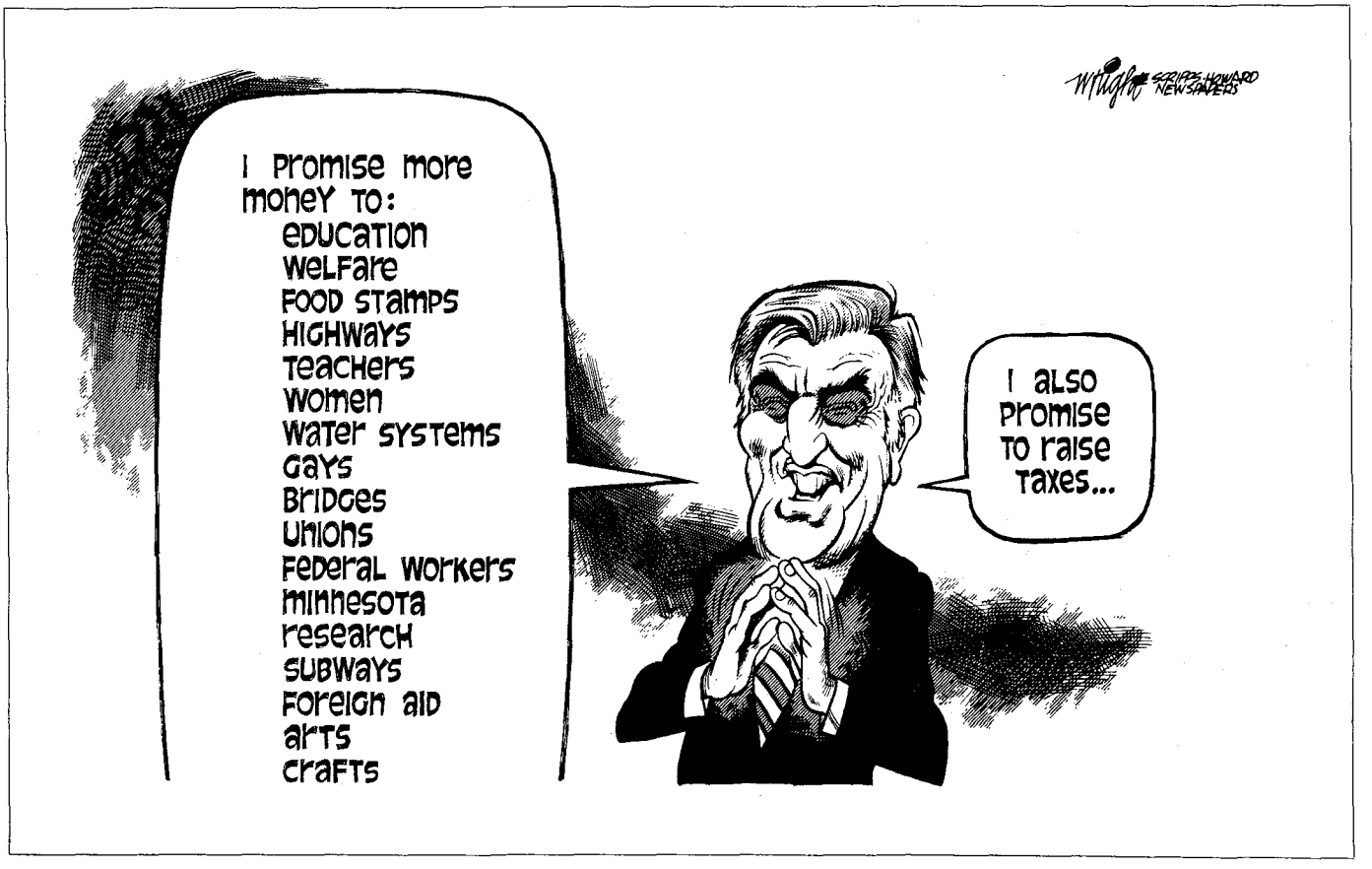
No Need to Hide

BILL ARMSTRONG is broadly popular in Colorado. Unlike Gary Hart he can run forthrightly on his voting record. (Hart is one of those who vote Left and run Right, an acknowledgment that an excessively liberal identification is not conducive to winning statewide elections in Colorado.) Armstrong's campaign ads have been positive, confident, and reserved. He has an excellent organization in place and a hefty campaign treasury.

Colorado gave Reagan 55 per cent of its vote in 1980, and that figure should exceed 60 per cent in 1984. Recent polls give Reagan a 55 per cent approval rating, Mondale 24 per cent. The coattails effect can't help but aid Armstrong. During the presidential primaries there was concern that a Hart candidacy could hurt Armstrong's re-election chances. Exactly the opposite has occurred. In the wake of Hart's defeat and the despondency surrounding Mondale, many Colorado Democrats are dispirited. The Dick campaign has not caught their imagination.

A Denver television station's recent statewide poll had Armstrong ahead of Mrs. Dick 57 per cent to 28 per cent, with 30 per cent of Democrats favoring Armstrong and only 7 per cent of Republicans supporting Mrs. Dick; among unaffiliated voters, Armstrong had 54 per cent, Mrs. Dick 23 per cent. In terms of Denver *v.* the rest of the state, Armstrong's past performance is significant. In 1978, he lost Denver by only 4,300 votes (compared to the 54,000-vote Republican loss in the 1980 Senate race) and carried the rest of the state by 145,000 votes.

Earlier in the campaign, Colorado was listed by many national political analysts as a state in which the Republicans might have a vulnerable Senate seat. That seat should now be moved to the "safe" category. Armstrong won the state by almost twenty percentage points in his first Senate race in 1978. A victory by a similarly wide margin looks likely in 1984. □



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SWITCH!

As the Reverend Jerry Falwell approached the large building that houses Democratic Party headquarters, he blinked in amazement at a vast array of signs plastered around the door: "Honk if You Went to Church This Week!" "Democrats for God, Mother, and Apple Pie," and "Are You Running with Me, Lord?"

"Why, bless my soul if it isn't the Reverend Jerry Falwell," boomed the sonorous voice of Tip O'Neill, who appeared at the door of the building and ushered the portly clergyman inside. "So good of you to come all the way from Lynchburg, Virginia, to talk with me and Gerry and Walter and all the Democratic brethren!"

"Well, I confess I was a bit surprised by your invitation, Mr. O'Neill," Falwell said as the two men walked down the corridor. "When you explained how the Democrats had become the party of Morality and Family Values I could scarcely believe it."

"Charity believeth all things, Brother," Tip quoted gravely. "First Corinthians, 13:7. By the way, you'll have to excuse this Boy Scout uniform I'm wearing. I just got back from a camping trip with my little troop—we were out building dams, aiding hurt animals, and extinguishing forest fires. We Democrats—the party of Family Values—think it important to provide good, clean activities for the young folks."

"Commendable, Brother," said Falwell, a bit uncertainly.

At that moment, a loud voice interrupted the two men. "Goodness gracious sakes alive—if it isn't my favorite Gospel-person," cried Geraldine Ferraro, rushing up to Falwell and embracing him effusively. "Oh, Brother Falwell, we Democrats do so admire your splendid work with the Moral Majority. And as the party of Spiritual Values we hunger for your support."

Mr. Varnado teaches English at the University of South Alabama.

Suddenly, she clapped her hand to her forehead. "Oh, my word. I forgot to take off this untidy old apron I'm wearing. You see, Reverend, I was baking cookies for tonight's meeting of the Democratic Sewing Circle."

"Quite all right, Mrs. Ferraro," Falwell said hesitantly. "And I must say—I'm rather surprised at all this evidence of domesticity and fellowship."

"Shame on you, Brother Falwell," Mrs. Ferraro said with a little shy smile. "Didn't you hear Governor Cuomo's speech at the convention? We Democrats are the party of Family Values, Morality, and the Work Ethic. Which reminds me—I must ask the Reverend Jesse Jackson if he has finished that book by Horatio Alger I lent him. Ted Kennedy called last night and wants to borrow it."

At that moment, a mellow bass voice was heard in the corridor singing "May the Circle Be Unbroken." Immediately, Walter Mondale entered the room dressed in choir robes.

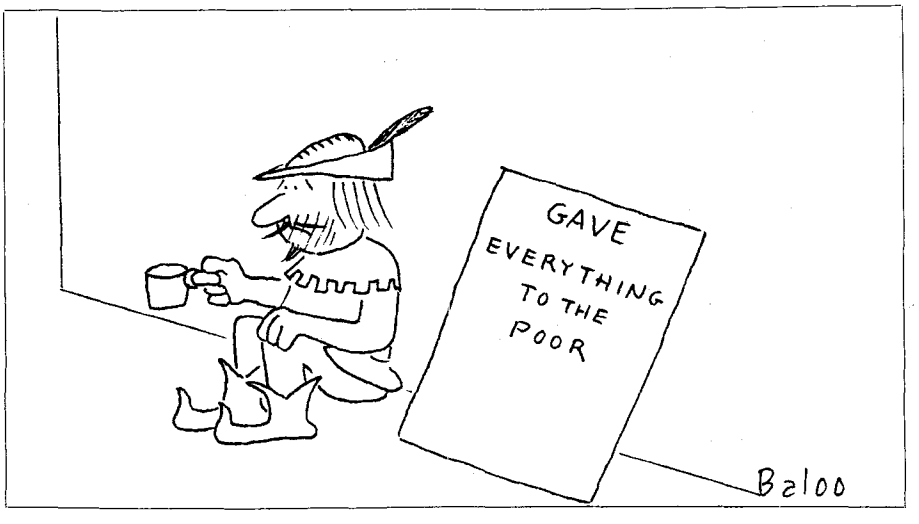
"Praise the Lord, it's the Reverend Jerry Falwell," Mondale said, pounding the clergyman on the back. "How neighborly of you to come all the way up here for fellowship with us Democrats—the party of Spiritual and Family Values. By the way, you must excuse these choir robes. I've been rehearsing Gospel songs with some of the brethren. Mrs. Ferraro," he added, "would you please fix the Reverend Falwell a *drink*? There's some fresh lemonade in the kitchen—and spike it with a little ginger ale." He turned back to Falwell. "I hope, Brother, that you've seen enough to convince you that the Democrats are the party you should be backing. Those folks in the White House are pagans. They're leading our great nation down the primrose path. Why, I sometimes wonder if these aren't the Last Days."

"Amen, Brother," Tip and Gerry murmured in chorus.

Half an hour later, a slightly bewildered Jerry Falwell emerged from the building and walked toward his car. Tip, Gerry, and Walter watched him anxiously.

"What do you think?" Gerry asked.

"I don't know," Tip replied, removing his Boy Scout tie. "I figured it was worth a try. And if it doesn't work, we can always go back to square one. Be sure we've got plenty of those signs and buttons that say 'Democrats for Separation of Church and State.' We may need them." □



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KEYNES'S LIFELONG CONFUSIONS

THE NIAGARA of comment, pro and con, that followed the publication of Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* seldom considered the whole of his writing, but largely confined itself to that book in isolation. Even much of the relatively unfavorable comment tended to treat the book with great respect as a profound discussion of difficult technical economic problems.

But recently I happened to dip once more into *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, which Keynes had published in 1920, 16 years before *The General Theory*. And I found myself wondering whether, if his commentators had read the two books in immediate succession, instead of 16 years apart, they would have taken Keynes's 1936 theories as seriously as they did.

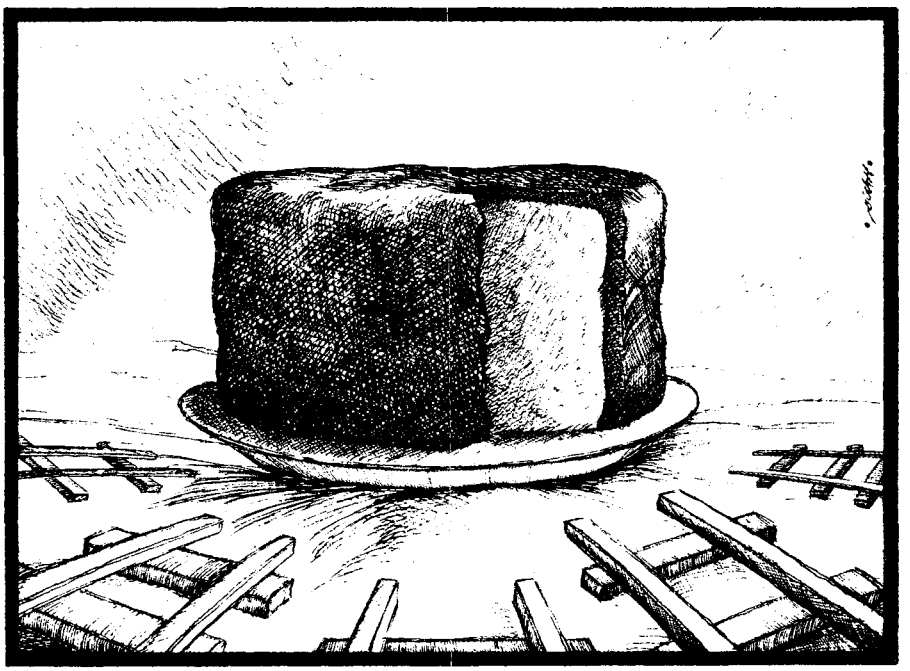
For the commentators would have learned two things: First, that Keynes, even as early as *The Economic Consequences*, had ridiculed saving, because of an elementary misunderstanding about it, and so had all but stated the essence of his General Theory even them. And secondly, that Keynes, in both his 1920 and his 1936 books, explicitly rejected capitalism itself because he was convinced that it produced an "unequal," and therefore "inequitable," distribution of wealth.

Let me quote an early passage in the 1920 book:

> The railways of the world which that age [the half-century before the First World War] built as a monument to posterity were, not less than the Pyramids of Egypt, the work of labor which was not free to consume in immediate enjoyment the full equivalent of its efforts.
>
> Thus this remarkable system depended for its growth on a double bluff or deception. On the one hand the laboring classes accepted from ignorance or powerlessness, or were compelled, persuaded, or cajoled by custom, convention, authority, and the well-established order of Society into accepting, a situation in which they could call their own very little of the cake that they and Nature and the capitalists were cooperating to produce. And on the other hand the capitalist classes were allowed to call the best part of the cake theirs and were theoretically free to consume it, on the tacit underlying condition that they consumed very little of it in practice. The duty of "saving" became nine-tenths of virtue and the growth of the cake the object of true religion. There grew round the non-consumption of the cake all those instincts of puritanism, which in other ages has withdrawn itself from the world and has neglected the arts of production as well as those of enjoyment. And so the cake increased; but to what end was not clearly contemplated. Individuals would be exhorted not so much to abstain as to defer, and to cultivate the pleasures of security and anticipation. Saving was for old age, or for your children; but this was only in theory—the virtue of the cake was that it was never to be consumed, neither by you nor by your children after you.

The first piece of sheer nonsense in this long passage is the paragraph comparing the railways of the late nineteenth century to the Egyptian pyramids as a useless "monument to posterity." In fact, the railways were built to transport men and goods cheaper, faster, and farther than ever before. They enormously increased the supply of foodstuffs and other consumption goods available to mankind.

The whole passage, as I have remarked elsewhere, is a typical example of the satire and prose style of the Bloomsbury school, of which Keynes was a prominent member; but it cannot be taken seriously as economics. Its main purpose is obviously *pour épater les bourgeois*; it illustrates the frivolity and irresponsibility that are recurrent in Keynes's work. It is obviously absurd, for example, to say that labor "was not free to consume in im-



Mr. Hazlitt, a longtime contributor to NR, *is the author of many books, among them* Economics in One Lesson *and a book on Keynes,* The Failure of the "New Economics."

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mediate enjoyment the full equivalent of its efforts." It was the *capitalists* who were doing the saving; the workers saved only to the extent that their incomes permitted and their own voluntary prudence prescribed. Labor then, as now, predominantly got the full amount of its marginal contribution to the value of the product. There was no "bluff" and no "deception." As a result of the saving that took place, the size of the cake, it is true, was growing practically every year. But more cake was also being consumed practically every year.

Total production increased each year *because of the saving*, and would not have increased without it. The savings were invested year after year to increase the quantity or improve the quality of existing machinery and other capital equipment, and so to increase the size of the cake. Each year, it is true, not all of the currently produced cake was consumed. But there was no irrational or cumulative consumer constraint. For each year a larger and larger cake was in fact consumed. At the end of every decade or so, the annual consumers' cake alone was equal to the combined consumers' and producers' cakes of the previous decade.

It is notorious that in the nineteenth century, which Keynes was here deriding, there was not only continuous saving, and a consequent tremendous increase in capital equipment, but also a huge increase in population and a constant increase in the living standards of that population. Keynes himself, in fact, in the succeeding paragraph of *The Economic Consequences*, took the whole thing back. He was just having his little joke:

> In writing thus I do not necessarily disparage the practices of that generation. In the unconscious recesses of its being Society knew what it was about. The cake was really very small in proportion to the appetites of consumption, and no one, if it were shared all around, would be much the better off by the cutting of it. Society was working not for the small pleasures of today, but for the future security and improvement of the race—in fact for "progress." If only the cake were not cut but was allowed to grow in the geometrical proportion predicted by Malthus of population, but not less true of compound interest, perhaps a day might come when there would at last be enough to go round, and when posterity could enter into the enjoyment of *our* labors.

All Keynes had to do was stick with his original premise and he would have arrived at his full General Theory 16 years earlier than he actually did

But if Society "knew what it was about," why did Keynes write any of his preceding baseless satire? All he had to do was stick with his original premise that it was folly for society not to spend all its income immediately on consumption, and he would have arrived at his full General Theory 16 years earlier than he actually did.

The parallels between the two books, as I have already indicated, run much deeper. In the early pages of *The Economic Consequences* Keynes also revealed his deep-seated anti-capitalism. There we find him denouncing "the *inequality* [his italics] in the distribution of wealth" on the same page as he was admitting that "the immense accumulations of fixed capital . . . to the great benefit of mankind . . . could never have come about in a Society where wealth was divided equitably."

These sentences imply the naïve socialistic belief on Keynes's part that after wealth was produced, it should have been "equitably" (which meant "equally") "distributed" by somebody —presumably by government bureaucrats. If we spell out these implications, those who produced more than the average (of crops or shoes or whatever, or the income from their sale) would have the excess seized from them and given to those who produced less than the average. This would presumably restore "equity." (It would also destroy incentives to production.)

Keynes never outgrew this early anti-capitalism. So far from forgetting it, in the final chapter of his *General Theo-*

DARWIN was WRONG- A Study in Probabilities. by I. L. COHEN

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ry—"Concluding Notes on the Social Philosophy toward Which the General Theory Might Lead"—Keynes came back completely to the anti-capitalism of *The Economic Consequences*: "The outstanding faults of the economic society in which we live are its failure to provide for full employment and its arbitrary and inequitable distribution of wealth and incomes." The frequent abpeal the labor laws that bring about excessive wage rates by encouraging union violence, strikes, or threats of strikes.

Once we keep in mind these alternate Keynesian forgettings and rememberings—that "saving" and "investment" are merely the first and second parts of the same process—we are in a much better position to understand

The individual saver seldom buys his capital goods directly. He more often puts his money into a savings bank, or buys stocks or bonds

sence of full employment is caused by "a low propensity to consume," but that could be corrected by "the redistribution of incomes."

So *The Economic Consequences* and *The General Theory*, when considered together, make clearer than either book alone that throughout his writing career most of Keynes's major fallacies and contradictions sprang from his habitually forgetting, and then suddenly remembering, that income that is "saved" does not disappear into some void. It too is spent. It is spent on capital goods rather than on direct consumption. Economic tyros are apt to overlook this. The individual saver seldom buys his capital goods directly. He more often puts his money into a savings bank, or buys stocks or bonds with it. Then the bank in turn lends it to the direct investor, or the company whose stocks or bonds are bought produces the capital goods. When Keynes forgot all this, he denounced "saving"; when he recalled it, he praised "investment." Even his critics never recognized quite how elementary most of Keynes's economic errors really were.

From the saver's point of view, his act of saving seems to come long before the act of investment. From the social point of view, the interval is usually short. Investment can even precede saving by the creation of new bank loans—i.e., by continuous credit expansion—i.e., by inflation.

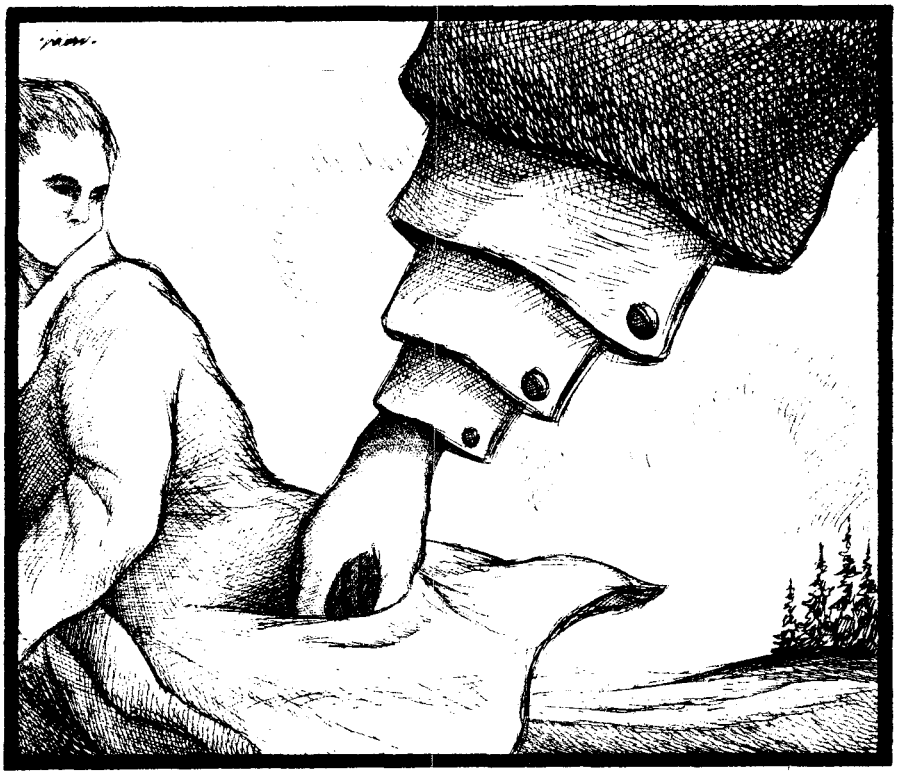
It was this credit expansion or inflation that became in effect the overriding Keynesian remedy for unemployment. It is a false and unnecessary remedy; it draws attention away from the real cure for unemployment—to remove the confusions and contradictions that permeate and befuddle the text of *The General Theory*. Keynes's implied definitions of "saving" and "investment" constantly shift. He begins by tacitly assuming that what is not spent on consumption goods is not spent on anything at all. Whatever plausibility his General Theory has, in fact, depends on that assumption. But at other times we find Keynes formally defining saving and investment as "necessarily equal in amount" and "merely different aspects of the same thing."

(I am myself assuming that under-the-mattress-type saving, which Keynes may sometimes have had in mind, is nowadays negligible. To the extent that it continues, its only effect is to keep prices slightly lower than they would otherwise be.)

I need hardly repeat that the Keynesian doctrines have done and will continue to do great harm. They ridicule personal prudence and thrift as not only unnecessary but socially disruptive. They rationalize and encourage not only personal extravagance but government deficit spending and inflation. By their belief in the necessity for government control of the economy, they increase the drift toward socialism and tyranny.

At this point I hear someone say: "Why are you still whipping a dead horse? The criticism of the last quarter-century has done its work. Keynesianism has already been discredited in the minds of economists."

Of most professional economists, perhaps. But it is still the prescription of the great majority of politicians, and is at least still acquiesced in by the majority of voters. The undiminished prevalence of punitive graduated income taxes, the steady increase of other redistributive measures, the persistence of government monetary authorities in trying to hold down interest rates, and the endless and mounting budget deficits of the last half-century—these are Keynesianism rampant. □



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THE CYPRUS QUESTION

THIS YEAR THE island of Cyprus observed two tenth anniversaries: the anniversary of the coup, led by Greek army officers, that overthrew the government of Archbishop Makarios, and the anniversary of the invasion, five days later, of the island by the Turkish army. Though the fighting following that invasion lasted only a few days, it was long enough for Turkish Cypriots, who make up 18 per cent of the island's population, to increase the area under their control to more than a third of the island. In the years since, though many bitter words have been volleyed back and forth between the two sides, nothing much has changed on Cyprus.

The idiocy of those who engineered the Greek coup was boundless. Nothing was more evident than that the Turks would welcome the move as a pretext to invade the island at a moment when sympathies for Greece (at that time under the Colonels) were at an all-time low. The Greek Cypriots fought valiantly, but they were overwhelmed by the Turkish army. Turkey and Greece would undoubtedly have come to war over Cyprus had it not been for 1) the fact that the Greek military junta responsible for the coup surrendered power a few days after the Turkish invasion, and 2) the pressure put on Turkey and Greece by their fellow NATO members.

If Cyprus is ever to be reunited, some way will have to be found that is not strictly along democratic lines. Democracy means majority rule, and the Greek Cypriots, as one could expect, are all for it, as are the Protestants of Northern Ireland and the blacks of South Africa. But the Turkish Cypriots, understandably, won't accept such a governing formula.

The differences between modern Turks and Greeks are hardly racial, i.e., biological and visible. The Turks originally came from Central Asia and were of Oriental blood, like their cousins the Turkmens and Kazakhs. When they came to Asia Minor, they found a much larger local population, a mixture of Greeks, Lydians, Phrygians, descendants of the Hittites, and Armenians, with whom they mingled. To this new mélange, the Turks contributed the Turkish language and the Islamic faith.

The Greeks on Cyprus, for their part, are only to a minor extent descendants of the ancient Greeks. They are also a racial mixture. In fact, Turks and Greeks both look like Mediterraneans, like southern Europeans. The differences are all beneath the skin.

Culturally, the two are radically different, as one can readily see when passing from the Greek to the Turkish side at the military checkpoint in Nicosia. From an affluent city one enters a poor one; from a modern twentieth-century agglomeration one steps into the nineteenth century. Physically, the people look the same, but the resemblance ends there. They speak different languages, move differently, have different gestures, react differently, eat and drink differently. No wonder: The Greeks founded our Western civilization. Plato, Aristotle, the translators of the complete Old Testament, the authors of the New Testament all wrote in Greek. The Turks, on the other hand, came from the heart of Asia, bringing with them a religion imported from Arabia. They have made desperate efforts to Westernize themselves. They have abolished the veil for women and adopted Western clothing. Their system of laws is based on the Swiss penal code. But these changes all came from above. The majority of Turkish people resented and resisted the Western "innovations." As Arthur Koestler pointed out, cultures and civilizations are "package deals," and to adopt, by *fiat*, a Western way of life without accepting its root, Christianity, is an unworkable proposition. The "New Turkey" of Kamil Atatürk has yet to arrive.

Imperial Constantinople was a metropolis and the genuine heir of Byzantium. Ankara, an overgrown provincial town in the Anatolian desert, heir to an obsolete nationalism, will never be able to compete with the memory of the great city on the Golden Horn that was Greek and Turkish both.

SUCH A fusion doesn't exist in Cyprus. In the heart of Istanbul stands Hagia Sophia, one of the great churches of early Christendom, transformed into a mosque in 1453. (Today it is a museum.) Yet somehow this transformation is not so shocking; the early mosques were built by Greek architects, and the biggest difference between mosque and church was the addition of minarets and the removal of Christian paintings. On the outskirts of Turkish Nicosia, meanwhile, a beautiful Gothic cathedral built by the Knights of St. John has also been transformed into a mosque, stripped of its statues and ornamental work, bare, except for a few beautiful carpets and calligraphic passages from the Koran. This is a most unusual and, let us be candid, depressing sight, more depressing perhaps than the French cathedrals devastated by the Jacobins, who mutilated the statues of saints and angels.

Difficult as reconciliation may be, it is of great interest to the Western world, above all to NATO, that Greeks and Turks get along. Unless there is a settlement of the Cyprus question, there can be no stability in NATO's southeastern flank.

Footnote: In closing I must recall a solution proposed in 1979 by Representative Geraldine Ferraro. Speaking to her House colleagues about the situation in Cyprus, Mrs. Ferraro declared: "We've got to get those Turkeys out!" Chalk one up for international understanding. □

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DIET: CRANKS & QUACKS

NOT LONG AGO I heard a smooth-talking man on the radio discussing the sad state of nutritional education in this country. Of our 127 medical schools, he said, only 15 required their students to take a course in nutrition, and only a few others even offered nutrition as an elective. No wonder, he said, that the field of diet and nutrition is left wide open to cranks and quacks; and it's a tragedy, he said, when two-thirds of all hospital admissions are related to nutritional problems.

Dear me. One nice thing about living on a farm is that you don't have to take that sort of guff lying down. In the time you save by not commuting, you can fire off a questionnaire to all 127 of those medical schools, asking them if they offer course work in nutrition and require such course work for graduation. You can, for comparison, send the same questions to each of the 28 schools of veterinary medicine in this country. So I did.

The response was fine (and uniformly courteous): 83 medical schools (65 per cent) and 21 veterinary-medicine schools (75 per cent). The response was also scandalous, as the radio editorialist had led me to expect: 19 of the veterinary-medicine schools (90 per cent) require students to take courses in nutrition, but only 19 medical schools do (23 per cent). Case dismissed? No.

Almost without exception, the medical schools that reported no "separate" courses in nutrition went on to offer comments describing the nutritional components of courses in biochemistry, pediatrics, obstetrics, internal medicine, physiology, family medicine, geriatrics, community medicine, preventive medicine, and more. The variations are enormous. One school requires a course that contains 18 lecture hours. Another school has no course at all, but calculates that the nutrition components of other courses add up to more than a hundred lecture hours.

Nevertheless, nutritional knowledge is growing fast. Even such an illustrious medical school as Columbia's reports that its separate course work in nutrition has only been "part of our curriculum for about five years." The University of Arkansas set up a Task Force on Nutritional Education not long ago, which concluded that the subject should be treated more coherently. Its recommendations included:

> to develop nutrition as a readily identifiable topic in a) the medical curriculum both as special course offerings and as identified parts of clinical courses, b) an ongoing program of research in nutrition to expand the useful knowledge in this field and to stimulate and reinforce the teaching of nutrition, and c) continuing postgraduate education programs to bring the practicing physician up to date in nutrition.

All to the good.

BUT WOE IS US, here come the Feds. Congress has been fretting about nutritional education; and now the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council Commission on Life Sciences (part of the National Academy of Sciences, which in turn is part of the National Boondoggle) has set up a committee "to examine how and to what extent nutrition is currently incorporated into medical education and to consider ways by which the teaching of nutrition in medical schools can be strengthened" (i.e., they already know what they're going to discover). The report is due in June 1985. Don't hold your breath.

All right, nutrition is important. You are what you eat. And so on. And isn't it scandalous that veterinary-medicine schools teach nutrition more consistently than medical schools?

Scandalous but understandable. Husbandmen can perfectly control what their animals eat; so it is reasonable to study how to exercise that control most efficiently and benignly. Physicians can scarcely control what the average citizen eats; so the emphasis in medical studies is not placed there.

Rather, the nutritional emphasis in medical studies is placed on those areas where the physician does indeed have some strong chance of controlling the diet: pediatrics, obstetrics, geriatrics. The infant can't fight back. The young mother's normal instinct is to do exactly as the physician tells her for the good of the baby. The old geezer has two choices, the less discommodious of which is following the brash young doctor's orders. It makes very good sense to prepare the medical student for these cases. As for the millions of youngsters who are old enough to spend their money (and their health) on lunches consisting of preserved meat on onion rolls, washed down with soda pop—well, the physician will be dealing with them sooner or later, them and their "nutrition-related" disorders.

Last April the president of Harvard, Derek Bok, gave his annual report to his Board of Overseers, and devoted it to the great question of reforming medical-school curricula. Among many points, he urged greater emphasis on "preventive medicine." Thus:

> Up to half of all illness in the United States could be avoided through changes in behavior brought about by voluntary adjustments in lifestyle or by preventive measures on the part of government and private organizations. *The latter are primarily the responsibility of the state, acting through appropriate rules and incentives.* [My emphasis.]

There it is, the standard quack cure for all man's ills: state intervention. Far down beneath the "discussion" about "medical curricula" the battle is joined on quite a different ground: Who will control your daily life—you, or Big Brother?

Please pass the junk food, and don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes. □

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DEMOLITION WORK

Joseph Sobran

Right Principles: A Conservative Philosophy of Politics, by Lincoln Allison (Basil Blackwell, 180 pp., $24.95)

LINCOLN ALLISON, Lecturer in Politics at the University of Warwick, calls himself a conservative, but "much more fundamentally" he considers himself to be engaged in a project of "conceptual skepticism." That is, he believes that many well-established political values and concepts are "incoherent": They don't really mean anything serious.

He can't make much sense out of words like "equality" and "democracy" and "human rights." He considers religion "the curse of humanity," though he thinks its conventional forms less baneful than "humanism." He rejects traditional conservative cosmologies, like that of de Maistre, and he doesn't care for laissez-faire economics. He is a bit of a nominalist, or maybe an indolent existentialist: He doesn't think that man is essentially different from other animals. He considers cricket "a profound and absorbing activity, closely attuned to man's spiritual needs." He recommends monarchy as "both wonderful and risible," since "it inspires devotion, but cannot, by its very nature, inspire fanaticism. Monarchy partly immunizes the body politic against ideological disease." It "cannot really be rationally defended in an age whose assumptions are secular and egalitarian. That is one of [its] strengths."

Right Principles isn't quite as eccentric as I make it sound. It eschews the "discovery of the fundamental and substantive principles of politics" in favor of doing "a bit of this and a bit of that," especially the debunking of what Allison regards as bogus concepts. It is closer to Bentham than to Burke, and even closer to Hume. It has no central idea, unless perhaps the notion that man has no nature in any normative sense, and therefore that it is pointless to think of politics in universalist terms of "rights" and "justice." Allison thinks of good government as that which happens to offer a more or less good fit to a particular group of people. He thinks the British form of government is, on the whole, a great success, as these things go.

There are some books it isn't necessary or even possible to agree with in any comprehensive sense, but which have other uses. This is one of them. Allison is always alert, and every paragraph makes an interesting point or two. Nothing is more fascinating—to me, at any rate—than to read an analytical demolition of some idea that is generally taken for granted. The chapter on "equality" is especially stimulating in this way.

Allison doubts that equality is even "a logically possible state" or that "proposals to make people equal mean anything." In arguing that equality may be abstractly desirable but isn't worth the necessary sacrifice, he contends, "Conservatism has accepted too many of the premises of its opponents."

What can equality mean? Identical treatment?

> In the running of races we are, apparently, familiar with something very close to identity of treatment. But this only applies to athletes at a very high and similar level whom we are used to watching in stadia and on television. In most races we distinguish age and sex, those who are disabled in some way have their own events, and in many races there are systems of handicapping.

Further:

> In distributing food, given the impropriety of identical treatment, what might count as equal treatment? An equal ratio between size and allocation? Between work (however measured) and amount? Between amount and need (however interpreted)? My purpose here is not to attack these recommendations, but merely to point out that all (and therefore none) can be called the egalitarian approach.

What about equality in education? Allison points out (and I wish he had dwelt on this provocative point) that the abilities thought eligible for equal cultivation themselves make very specific and problematic presumptions as to the value of certain aptitudes: "Abilities exist in the eye of the beholder or, more generally, in the system of

Wilfred M. McClay is an Arthur O. Lovejoy Fellow at Johns Hopkins University.

Robert A. Peterson is headmaster at the Pilgrim Academy in Egg Harbor City, New Jersey, and writes a weekly column for the Egg Harbor News. *His articles have appeared in* The Freeman, Human Events, and other publications.

J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York, and a member of the editorial board of the Flannery O'Connor Bulletin. *Earlier remarks by Mr. Tate on the present subject have appeared in* Pynchon Notes.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST OCTOBER TITLES: *The Liberal Crackup* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95), by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., attacks "the palpable absurdity of the major issues of our times." . . . *The Unnatural Alliance: Israel and South Africa* (Quartet/Merrimack, $18.95), by James Adams, argues that Israel, at conscious risk to its alliance with the U.S., has entered into an unnatural and immoral one with South Africa, a country containing an influential minority of Jews. Adams, a journalist for the London *Sunday Times*, believes that the union is potentially fatal to world peace. . . . *Burning Money: The Waste of Your Tax Dollars* (Macmillan, $14.95), by J. Peter Grace, urges grass-roots pressure aimed at the instituting of line-veto power, which would permit the President to strike individual appropriation items in the battle to reduce the deficit (which the author estimates will reach the sum of $2 trillion by the year 2000).

James R. Mellow's *Invented Lives: F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald* (Houghton Mifflin, $22.50) is a thorough, compelling, but unretouched portrait of one of the twentieth century's most romanticized couples. . . . *Writing Lives: Principia Biographica* (Norton, $15.95), by Leon Edel, includes revised versions of five previously published essays along with five essays written since, plus an Introduction by the author.

The Odyssey of C. H. Lightoller (Norton, $16.95), by Patrick Stenson, is a readable account of the career of a highly honorable adventurer who, after joining the British merchant service in 1888 at the age of 13, survived several shipwrecks—including that of the *Titanic*, of which he was the sole surviving senior officer—prospected for gold in the Klondike, commanded warships in World War I, and served again in the Royal Navy during World War II.

☐ COMING IN NOVEMBER: In *The Myth of Black Progress* (Cambridge, $17.95), Alphonso Pinkney challenges the writings of Nathan Glazer, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Irving Kristol, and others. He denies that blacks as a group have achieved social and economic progress over the past thirty years and deplores what he regards as a racist backlash in the wake of the much-debated *Bakke* decision. —CW

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status in society. Mugging old ladies and long-distance spitting are not generally considered worthy of development; football and mathematics are." Further:

> Arguably, if one insists that all men are equal (rather than just all Englishmen or all Americans), then such comparisons should only be made for the world as a whole; in this case any attempt to implement educational equality in one country can have important inegalitarian consequences.

As for affirmative action:

> To insist, as proponents of affirmative action do, that races must be represented with proportional equality in prestigious or important jobs, is to propose on [*sic*] an aggregate equality of races at the expense of any idea of equal opportunity between individuals. Some members of the previously overrepresented race are bound to be deprived of rewards for their merits, and some members of the previously underrepresented races are bound to be overrewarded. This is not necessarily a bad thing, overall; recruiting black policemen at the expense of better qualified whites may be a good utilitarian policy in a multiracial society. But, in a very important sense, it is the opposite of equality of opportunity.

Using John Rawls's principle that any privilege must benefit even the least privileged, he points out that this boils down to matters of judgment, and could even be invoked to justify apartheid!

Now it may be objected that Allison forgets the primary historical meaning of equality, equality-in-freedom; but after all he is speaking to others who don't use the term in that primary sense. He is attacking its current functions, one of which is to stimulate resentment against those who are better off. "A particular sense of justice," he observes, "depends on a particular comparative reference group." A major may feel wronged because he hasn't been promoted to colonel, especially considering the dimwit who is his immediate superior; he won't stop to think how lucky he is to be an officer at all. Nearly everyone assumes that the accession of "justice" would be to his advantage, when the odds are about even that he is wrong. "It is a change of position in respect of one's traditional rivals which informs most people's sense of justice and not any generally applicable ideas about distribution." The revolutionist should remember Portia's grim pledge: "Thou shalt have justice—more than thou desirest."

His chapter on property and ownership raises perplexities inherent in the subject. It isn't very satisfying, but it does make logical points that deserve to be made. "It is not merely improbable that a society could exist without a system of property rights; it is inconceivable." Good. "Property rights cannot be sharply distinguished from the most fundamental and essential of personal rights." Also good. But it sits uneasily with the nominalist denial that man has an essence or that universal rights exist. How do you decide which rights are "fundamental"? I don't say this is a self-contradiction, but Allison's general stance makes you wonder what such phrases, coming from him, actually mean.

I am also somewhat surprised that an English conservative at this late date could write a whole book with no reference to Michael Oakeshott, whose subtle, symphonic *On Human Conduct* has brought us a new way of addressing politics. Debunking empty concepts is a valuable enterprise, but there is a difference between sifting and annihilating. Oakeshott leaves us with a sturdy vocabulary of useful terms even as he dismisses others; Allison leaves us wondering whether one couldn't give the same rough treatment to terms he spares his withering analysis. I like the monarchy too, but I suspect it has stronger justifications than risibility. ☐

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

Robert A. Peterson

Abortion and the Early Church: Christian, Jewish, and Pagan Attitudes in the Graeco-Roman World, by Michael Gorman (Intervarsity Press, 120 pp., $4.95)

THROUGHOUT the history of Christianity, particularly in times of turmoil, men of faith have turned, not only to the Bible, but to the life and thought of the early Christians. Without the trappings of ceremony or tradition, the unadorned, pristine Christianity of the first centuries has often provided later generations with answers for the problems of their own times. Now, as the Western world faces one of its greatest challenges—the massacre of innocents through abortion and infanticide—Michael Gorman offers a small but powerful book on the response of early Christians to these practices.

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This book comes out of a larger study on the life and thought of the ancient Christian Church conducted under the supervision of Bruce Metzger, the well-known professor of Greek and the New Testament at Princeton Theological Seminary. Gorman begins by surveying the philosophical and moral climate of opinion in the Greek and Roman worlds. Motives for abortion were as varied in antiquity as they are today. Reasons for obtaining an abortion included the desire to maintain an attractive figure, coercion from a husband or lover, or the alleged inability to support a large family. Techniques included taking oral drugs (poisons), tightly binding the womb and striking it so as to expel the fetus, and the use of a copper needle or spike.

Although there are few references to abortion in the Greek manuscripts, it is apparent that abortion was fairly widespread in ancient Greece. Plato acknowledged the viability of the unborn, but, in a statement prophetic of modern liberal society, he wrote that "the state's ideals and needs take precedence over the life and rights of the unborn." Aristotle justified abortion for similar reasons.

In both the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire, abortion was widespread. The earliest Roman law code, the Twelve Tables, allowed a Roman father to expose any female infant he wished or any deformed baby of either sex. Moreover, a husband could also order his wife to obtain an abortion if he had sufficient reason. Occasionally, there were those who raised their voices against abortion, such as Ovid and Augustus. Their motive, however, was to protect the rights and honor of the father, the family, and the Roman state. As Gorman says: "That the fetus is not a person was fundamental to Roman law. Even when born, the child was valued primarily not for itself, but for its usefulness to the father, the family, and especially the state, as a citizen 'born for the state.' "

The Jews were unique in the pre-Christian ancient world in their opposition to abortion. "It was a given," writes Gorman, "that abortion, like exposure, was unacceptable . . ." The famous Jewish scholar Philo of Alexandria compared the unborn child to a statue that had not yet been brought out of the studio by the artist. Philo considered abortion to be murder, although he tried to distinguish between the "nonhuman fetus" and the "human fetus," recommending different penalties for the death of each.

From the very first, Christian writers condemned abortion. Although there is no specific condemnation of abortion in the New Testament, Gorman suggests the interesting theory that there may be an implicit reference to abortion in the New Testament's condemnation of the use of drugs (*pharmakeia*). The word *pharmakeia* was used to refer to all types of evil drugs, including abortifacients. Clement of Alexandria saw Biblical evidence against abortion in Luke, Chapter 1, where both John and Jesus were alive in their mothers' wombs.

Tertullian, one of the Latin Fathers, said: "In our case, murder being once for all forbidden, we may not destroy even the fetus in the womb, while as yet the human being derives blood from other parts of the body for its sustenance. To hinder a birth is merely a speedier man-killing; nor does it matter whether you take away life that is born, or destroy one that is coming to the birth; you have the fruit already in the seeds."

One of the most impassioned condemnations of abortion came from John Chrysostom. In a sermon against moral laxity, Chrysostom thundered against men who would have their wives or mistresses obtain an abortion: "Why then dost thou abuse the gift of God, and fight with His laws, and follow after what is a curse as if a blessing, and make the chamber of procreation a chamber of murder, and arm the woman that was given for childbearing?" Chrysostom went so far as to say that abortion was "something even worse than murder."

Although the early Church as a whole took a stand against abortion, there were those whom Origen referred to as "so-called Christians" among whom abortion was not unknown. At the Council of Elvira, such individuals were condemned and forbidden Communion until the deathbed. The Council of Ancyra, meeting in 314 A.D., pronounced a ten-year excommunication on those who had committed an abortion. Gorman suggests that the early Christians' opposition to abortion may have contributed to the anti-abortion legislation developed under Septimius Severus and later Roman emperors.

Many pro-lifers will disagree with Gorman's attempt, in the final two

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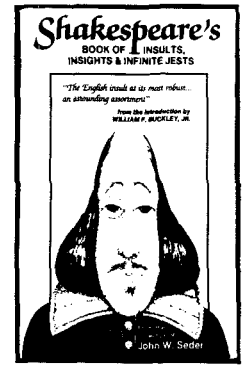

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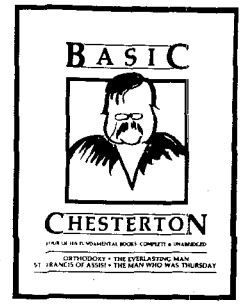

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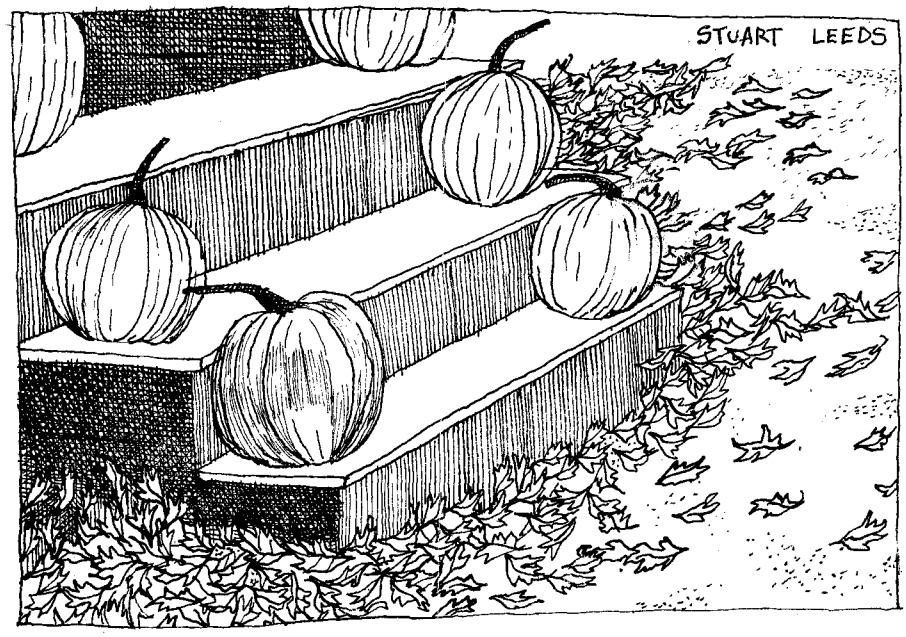
chapters, to link the early Church's attitude toward abortion to the modern nuclear-freeze movement. While it is true that many of the early Church Fathers preached against Christians' entering the Roman army, two important points must be kept in mind. First, throughout most of the history of the empire, the ranks of the legions were filled with volunteers. It thus became a question of whether or not a Christian should choose the military for a career. Since the Roman legions were often used to persecute Christians, a Christian who joined the army might find himself in the unfortunate position of being ordered to torture, maim, or even kill a brother or sister in Christ. A pious Christian would surely choose another calling. The second thing to keep in mind is that there were many Christians who did believe in the compassionate use of force. These writers included Augustine and Ambrose. Gorman fails to see that the same human nature that carries out an abortion could also carry out an attack on a nation that was perceived as being weak. But despite this flaw, Gorman's book will prove to be an invaluable source of information for those who preach, speak, write, and legislate against abortion and infanticide.

The early Christians' response to abortion shows that a strong pro-life position is the only option for anyone who "names the name of Christ." The early Christians, in the midst of persecution, without anything like the wealth and freedom we possess, boldly spoke out against abortion with an undivided voice. How much more should we, seeing the resources with which we have been blessed, speak a word in defense of the unborn. □



OF MYTH AND MADNESS

Wilfred M. McClay

The Great American Adventure, by Martin Green (Beacon, 272 pp., $19.95)

EVER SINCE remotest antiquity, mythic tales of heroic adventure have been at the center of literature. But America's great adventure stories, despite their enduring popular appeal, have been deemed beneath consideration by our literary critics. Instead, our literary canon has derived from what Santayana called "the genteel tradition," a fastidious and alienated sensibility that has stood in fearful and sullen opposition to the boisterous energies that have shaped American political and economic life. Thus, a sustained and sympathetic exploration of the American adventure tale—just the sort of thing Martin Green proposes to do in this book—could serve as a welcome antidote to the hermeticism and academicism that periodically threaten to engulf our serious writing.

For those of us who have marveled at the genteel tradition's protean staying power, however, Green's claim sounds too good to be true—and, alas, it is. For Green takes adventure seriously only the better to condemn it. The present study merely uses adventure literature as a means of attacking American (and European) civilization for its depravity, cruelty, and power lust. Green exhorts the reader to "enter into a dialectical engagement with adventure"—but all this means is that the reader should learn to hold the adventure at arm's length, carefully viewing its "inimical discourse" through a radical ideological lens. Only thus can the humble adventure tale be made to yield its hidden treasure: "the political secrets of America."

These secrets, however, turn out to be yet another roundup of the usual suspects. The United States, it seems, is uniquely corrupted by the pathologies of nationalism, imperialism, militarism, racism, sexism, etc.—and these warped values are embedded in and reinforced by our adventure stories. Therefore, James Fenimore Cooper's *The Pioneers* is more than an engaging narrative; it is an ideological tool, an expression of "the energizing myth of empire," a means by which the people of northwestern-European descent have legitimated their domination of the world. Green never permits himself to enter into the spirit of adventure tales; he merely plucks up various phrases and images that buttress his ideological preconceptions. In short, his is not an approach from which one could expect to learn much about American literature.

To begin with, when the book names the 12 works that Green believes constitute "the central achievement of American literature," the reader may wonder why the list includes such unknown or undistinguished works as Washington Irving's *A Tour on the Prairies*, Robert Montgomery Bird's *Nick of the Woods*, Kit Carson's *Autobiography*, and Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?* But even if one grants Green these tendentious selections, his book simply fails to demonstrate any intrinsic link between the adventure story and the historical facts of nationalism, imperialism, etc. Green never explains what he means by these notoriously vague terms, nor does he attempt to justify their application to American history. If the reader should find himself questioning, for example, whether the United States was ever "imperial" in the same sense as, say, Great Britain, he will just have to stifle his doubts, for Green does not pause to examine such fine points.

Moreover, if it were true that adventure literature expresses an imperial

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disposition, then we should find a similar pattern in the literature of other imperial powers in history, while, by the same logic, we should find it nowhere else. But Green does not test his theory against the literature of Spain, France, Portugal, Germany, Japan, China, or the Soviet Union. Nor does he investigate the possibility that "non-imperial" peoples cherish the same sort of adventure stories we do. Like many a guilt-ridden post-imperial radical Briton, Green finds his truest satisfaction in bashing Anglo-Saxons; he has no interest in proving the universality of his precepts. And, indeed, what possible explanation could he offer for the immense worldwide popularity of American adventure movies, or for the influence of writers like Hemingway? Even if he were correct in describing Hemingway as a "hunter-writer" who "represented . . . the great American empire" to the Third World, one wonders: Why should the colonials under our imperial heel be so admiring of their oppressor's emissaries?

Green's bizarre notion of Hemingway as an American imperialist offers but a glimpse of how wooden-headed his reading of texts can be in the service of his ideological goals. Green has little interest in the biographical background of the authors in question, and he is indifferent to the countercurrents and complexities that a more careful—that is to say, nondialectical—reading of their works might reveal. In the case of Cooper, for example, both the biographical evidence and the literary œuvre clearly point to a tortured indecision in his attitude toward adventure; as Henry Nash Smith has observed, "the profundity of the symbol of Leatherstocking springs from the fact that Cooper displays a genuine ambivalence" about the issues his books raise: unfettered freedom versus settled community life, free access to nature versus property rights, social equality versus social stratification, and so on. Such unresolved antinomies are hardly the stuff of which "energizing myths of empire" are made.

In fact, the only energizing myths in *The Great American Adventure* are the ones animating the author. Himself a devotee—at least in theory—of the radical pacifism of Gandhi and the radical Christianity of Tolstoy, Professor Green's scholarship has often consisted of evangelical organ-grinding for his faith, lubricated by small doses of autobiographical unction. His effort to "unmask" the American adventure can be properly understood only in light of his deeper disenchantment with Western civilization. "I asked myself," Green confesses, "what Tolstoy and Gandhi would ask of a teacher of literature; and I began to read accordingly." Thus, if Green seems a little bored with American literature, and is forever jumping to the "big picture," that may be because he has far bigger fish to fry than Moby Dick. □

SLOW BURNER

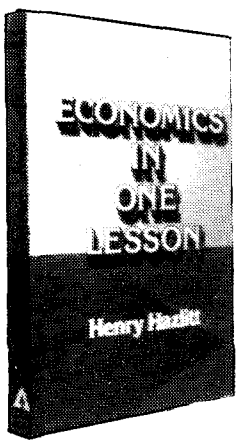
J. O. Tate

Slow Learner: Early Stories, by Thomas Pynchon (Little, Brown, 193 pp., $14.95)

THESE ARE not "*the* Early Stories," because the best of them—"Mortality and Mercy in Vienna" (*Epoch*, Spring 1959)—has not been collect-

"(Hazlitt) is one of the few economists in history who could really write."
—H.L. MENCKEN

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



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ed here. Was there a copyright fiasco, perhaps? In any case, the omission of a story requires the absence of the definite article in the subtitle. The scrupulous author and his fastidious publishers nowhere explain or even acknowledge the fact, for the omission of the article "justifies" the absence of the story, see? Caveat emptor.

Nevertheless, what's there, is. No longer will these stories (except for one of them) be merely the dusty objects of the sublimated lusts of malnourished graduate students and tendentious professors, photocopied obscurities to be pondered by cultists; nor are they either the piracies and rip-offs that (having occurred in England, the grapevine asserts) provoked the publication of this book. The question is, was this pre-emptive strike necessary?

The answer is somewhat mixed. On the one hand, there's as much here to bore or annoy the common reader as there is to mystify, to tease, to entertain, or to enthrall. On the other hand, Pynchonites will be far from the only ones who will be fascinated by these works in themselves, such as they are. The alert reader who is accustomed to studying technique, to pondering the effects of tone, and to meditating on the cultural imperatives of post-modern literature will have plenty to work with. Remarking that Pynchon seems to hold his worst story, "The Secret Integration," in the highest esteem, the reader would then have also to remark its original publication in *The Saturday Evening Post* (December 1964). The juxtaposition of the bizarre and chilling demands of Pynchonismus cheek by cheek with the coziness of Norman Rockwell is an association that may liberate, for some, an insight into Pynchon's social agenda, which, in this story, collapses from the surreal to the sentimental and, finally, to the cutesie-poo. It is curiously refreshing to watch the Big Boy fall flat on his face.

"Under the Rose" is better apprehended in context as the transmogrified chapter three of Pynchon's first novel, *V.* (1963). "Low-lands" is a take-off on *The Waste Land*; "Entropy" alludes to Henry Adams explicitly; "The Small Rain" echoes Hemingway. These stories have already been discussed in essays, monographs, and books, for Pynchon's pack-rat propensities, his skill at insinuation, and his disarming manner are backed up by a seriousness and an erudition worthy of comparison with the Joyce who declared he would "keep the professors busy for centuries." But what also will inevitably be remarked is the "personal appearance" of Pynchon, who, in his Introduction to most of his own apprentice fiction, casually "drops in" or "by" with all the frigid spontaneity of a jaded night-club singer who just happens—his schedule and reservations booked months in advance—to turn up in front of those television cameras dominated by Johnny Carson.

This appearance would not be nearly so remarkable coming from anyone else, for Pynchon's notorious or celebrated self-effacement has begged comparison with the reclusiveness of B. Traven and J. D. Salinger. Yet the hermit yearns, finally, to reveal himself, and in doing so he puts at least one reader in mind of the aging ecdysiast who was greeted with the cry, "Put it back on!"

He has succumbed to this temptation once before: In his Introduction to the 1983 Penguin reprint of the late Richard Fariña's *Been Down So Long It Looks like Up to Me* (1966). In that self-exposure, Pynchon reminisces about his college days at Cornell and his acquaintance with Fariña, whose best man he was at Fariña's wedding to Mimi Baez. His reflections there are as vulgar as they are unbecoming here. Which is worse, Pynchon's fatuity—

> 1958, to be sure, was another planet. You have to appreciate the extent of sexual repression on that campus at the time. Rock 'n' roll had been with us for a few years, but the formulation Dope/Sex/Rock 'n' Roll hadn't yet been made by too many of us. . . .
>
> Curfews were not the only erotic problem we faced—there was also a three- or four-to-one ratio of male to female students, as well as a variety of co-ed undergarments fiendishly designed to delay until curfew, if not to prevent outright, any access to one's date's pelvic area. One sorority house I knew of, and certainly others, had a house officer stationed by the front door on date nights. Her job was to make sure, in a polite but manual way, that every sister had some version of a Playtex chastity belt in place before she was allowed out the door. Landlords and local tradesfolk were also encouraged to report to the Administration the presence of co-eds in off-campus apartments, such as Fariña's. In these and other ways, the University believed it was doing its duty to act *in loco parentis*. [1983]

—or his presumption?

> What strikes me nowadays about the story is not so much its thermodynamical gloom as the way it reflects how the '50s were for some folks. I suppose it is as close to a Beat story as anything I was writing then, although I thought I was sophisticating the Beat spirit with second-hand science. I wrote "Entropy" in '58 or '59—when I talk about '57 in the story as "back then" I am being almost sarcastic. One year of those times was much like another. One of the most pernicious effects of the '50s was to convince the people growing up during them that it would last forever. Until John Kennedy, then perceived as a congressional upstart with a strange haircut, began to get some attention, there was a lot of aimlessness going around. While Eisenhower was in, there seemed no reason why it should all not just go on as it was. [1984]

This is not the first time in the history of American letters that playing the game of Meet the Author has led to embarrassment—no doubt mutual. And that's the reason why many have respected Thomas Pynchon for staying in the closet. He shunned the lure of celebrity and the phony accouterments of "authorship" for many years. Pynchon or his agents sent the comedian "Professor" Irwin Corey to stand in for him at the National Book Awards ceremony at which *Gravity's Rainbow* (1973) was to be honored. *Gravity's Rainbow*, now—undoubtedly Pynchon's greatest work—is a dazzling and profound "encyclopedic narrative" that, more than any other recent fictional achievement, effectively represents the horror and the absurdity of the conditions of contemporary existence—a

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work that is, for its complexity, eccentric wit, and magical realism, worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with *Moby Dick*, "Heart of Darkness," and *Absalom, Absalom!* "Professor" Corey, that master of double talk ("When the Huguenots bifurcated the Treaty of Utrecht . . ."), might better have been summoned again. And Pynchon, who in 1975 refused to accept the Howells Medal of the National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters, should perhaps also have refused the opportunity to introduce his early-stories-but-one, and let them simply speak for themselves. Instead, straining to recapture his adolescence while approaching fifty, Pynchon forces the question of whether, having doffed one mask, he has only revealed another; and the question of why the man whom Professor Edward Mendelson of Yale has called "the greatest living writer in the English-speaking world" feels such a need to be considered a jerk. □

FILM

THE CHICKENS COME HOME TO PROUST

John Simon

Is there a film director today who, beyond his basic lack of talent, is more contemptible than Volker Schlöndorff? This man has taken it upon himself to destroy the greatest number of literary masterpieces possible by turning them into films, and, on top of that, *his* films. A fellow of some education, he ought to know that a masterwork of fiction cannot be adapted to the screen, and that to do such an adaptation is always an act of vulgarization. Yet Schlöndorff has made movies of Musil's *Young Törless* (which he turned into a simplistic parable about military schools as the breeding ground for Nazism—hardly what Musil was saying), Kleist's sublime *Michael Kohlhaas*, Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum*, and now, most preposterous of all, Proust's *Swann in Love*.

Again and again one is forced to spell out the obvious: The greatness of a work of art lies in, among other things, its idiosyncratic and sovereign use of its medium. Thus a poem cannot be translated with impunity into prose, a novel or a short story cannot be adequately rendered as a movie or a play. The reason for this is not only the difference between the mediums but also the similarity. When Prokofiev makes a splendid opera out of Valery Bryusov's novel *The Flaming Angel*, the two mediums are so different that the mind is not goaded into making invidious, or any other kinds, of comparisons. Similarly, when Frederick Ashton makes a ballet of Britten's musical setting of some of the poems in Rimbaud's *Les Illuminations*, the flagrant differences among the three mediums allow all three creators to emerge unscathed. Great talent, to say nothing of genius, also comes in handy. And if a second-rate novel can be improved into a first-rate movie, no hackles will rise. But a masterpiece should be left in peace.

There is just enough similarity and difference between a novel and a film to make one worry constantly about the loss in transit. If film were an entirely visual medium, the sacrifice of certain words and thoughts could be forgiven; but to the extent that film is also verbal and narrative, we cannot condone the losses incurred in those areas. Significantly, the great filmmakers have tended to avoid adapting major novels to the screen; on the rare occasions when they have let themselves be seduced, as Renoir did with *Madame Bovary*, they have failed as conspicuously as anybody. (Renoir's film was also chopped up in procrustean editing forced on the director.) Bergman, though he might be thought of as ideal for bringing Ibsen and Strindberg to the screen, has staunchly refrained. But fools rush in, and *A la Recherche du temps perdu* has elicited much research from dunderheads and two hours of lost time from those attending *Swann in Love*.

Any number of writers and directors were, at various times, involved in attempts to film Proust, most glaringly Harold Pinter, whose elaborate but failed leap at encapsulating the entire *Remembrance of Things Past* in a five-hour screenplay has been published for all of us to see and deplore. The very size of the novel should be enough to foredoom any filmization as a whole; only a TV mini-series or maxi-series could cope with such length, but for television Judith Krantz is clearly more appropriate than Proust. Peter Brook was the one who came up with the

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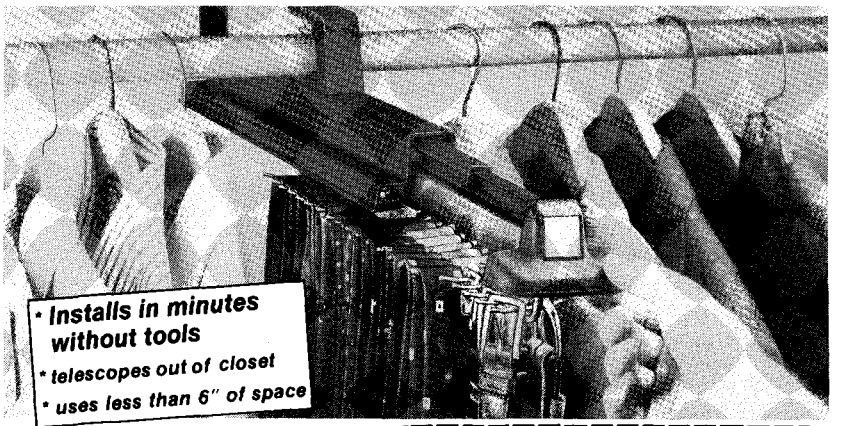

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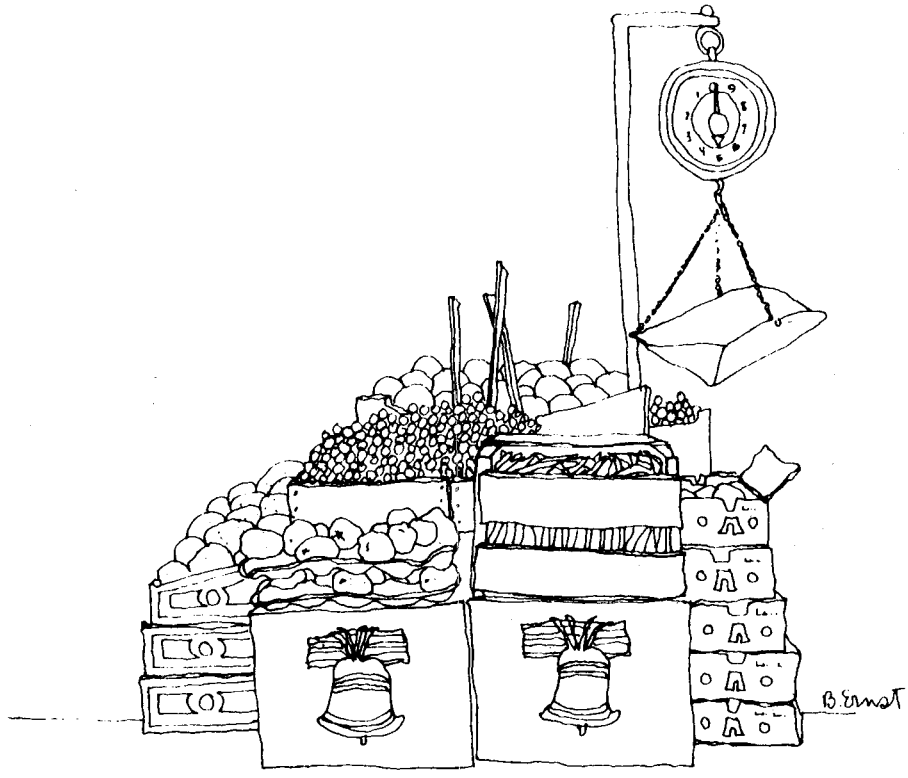
idea of using part of the novel, specifically the fairly self-contained second section, *Un Amour de Swann*, and proceeded to write his own screenplay. Several years later his groundwork finished by Jean-Claude Carrière and Marie-Hélène Estienne and directed by Schlöndorff reaches us as *Swann in Love*. Although it ends with Swann in the grips of a terminal disease, it should put to rest the legend of the sweet-sad song of the dying swan.

The idea here was to compress the roughly 250 pages of this section into the span of a single day, complete with flashbacks and a flash-forwardlike epilogue, as well as, to the utter confusion of non-Proustians, a few references to material from other sections of the novel. The compression promptly violates the essence of Proust's novel, whose protagonist is time: how time changes situations, perceptions, people; or how change is revealed in time as a mere variation on sameness; or how memory strives heroically, and in some cases successfully, to countervail the erosions of time. But this cannot be achieved within the narrow framework of a single day, no matter how many holes are punched in it by flashbacks. The second violation was to make Swann the narrator of these events as he records them in his diary. This is doubly wrong. The scrupulous, or unscrupulous, scrutiny to which Swann is to be subjected can come only from an outside observer; in the novel, this is the narrator, Marcel. Swann's essence is subjectivity and can be studied only from an at least potentially objective point of view. Swann's pathos is the waste of his talents on becoming an art advisor to trivial aristocrats and his obsession with Odette. If he keeps a diary, he becomes the rival of Proust in creating a substantial, perdurable chronicle. He is no longer pathetic.

Yet the ultimate difference is in the style and imagery of the book, its elaborate, fine-spun, gossamer yet also sinewy sentences, ranging from the extended metaphor to the pregnant maxim. The book is full of asides and speculations, apophthegms and evocative tropes, analyses of works of art and human psyches, and their reticulate interactions. The film can find no analogues for this, and substitutes mere visual opulence to glide over on its way from story point to story point. An invented scene shows a scarcely



undressed Swann in a brothel having casual intercourse from the rear with a whore whom he is interrogating all the while about Odette's past and present; this is totally alien to Proust and somewhat removed from minimal decorum. In fact, as Roger Shattuck remarked to me privately but did not say in his thoughtful critique of the film in *The New York Review of Books*, two things never spelled out in Proust—heterosexual sex and money—are made much of in the movie and thus deleteriously demystified. We see, for instance, Swann stuffing bills for Odette into a fancy box on the mantelpiece. Crude stuff, but even cruder is the totally invented ending in which a man tells a companion as Odette, now Mme. Swann, goes by that her fee in the old days was five hundred francs. However bad business it is to translate a masterpiece into another medium, the cheapness of the translators can make it worse.

Add to this the absurdity of Jeremy Irons as Swann. Granted the script robs the character of his complexity, there still could be more to this Swann than a sort of cadaverous languor and fuzzy condescension. And for the moments of high passion, Irons merely converts the sound track into a pant track. There is no sense here of exquisite connoisseurship, of that desperate refinement that is to serve the non-Aryan outsider as entrée into high society. Worse yet, though in France a French voice has been dubbed into Irons's mouth, elsewhere we get Irons's own voice spouting Berlitz-crash-course French. A heavy English accent makes no sense at all from Swann. Ornella Muti does have the *chatoyant* quality of Proust's Odette, of shuttling vertiginously between beauty and coarseness, but she does not have the acting ability, or just the temperament or mystery, to make Swann's thralldom dramatically believable. Alain Delon, looking not a whit like Proust's Baron de Charlus, gives a primitive rendition of an aging queen, and Fanny Ardant, untalented and unappealing, reverses Proust's scheme and turns the Duchesse de Guermantes into Mme. Verdurin.

Conversely, Marie-Christine Barrault is a persuasive Mme. Verdurin, keeping the vulgarity convivial and controlled, and Jacques Boudet renders the shallow snobbery of the Duc de Guermantes with an elegant economy of means. Sven Nykvist, although his cinematography doesn't stun me as it used to, does handsomely by the excellent sets of that old hand Jacques Saulnier and the opulent costumes of Yvonne Sassinot de Nesle, a new name to me. What is quite wrong is Hans Werner Henze's music. A modernist composer whose early work had genuine merit, Henze doesn't even try to recapture in Vinteuil's music the spirit of Franck and Fauré, and provides in-

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stead something as unpleasing as it is anachronistic.

A few scenes do work: dinner at the Verdurins', a jealous lover's nocturnal prowls, details of such humdrum activities as dressing and shaving. But should Proust come to this? Some scenes are downright offensive, such as the aforementioned bordello sequence or a lunch at a fancy restaurant in the Bois to which the lecherous Charlus has invited a penniless young writer. This invented character rings false in every respect, including looks. But the falsest note is the continuous reduction of complexity to simplicity, of saying less with a 110-minute movie than Proust does with a paragraph.

The customary argument for such a filmization, when all else fails, is that it sends new readers to the novel. But I wonder how many readers who need such a near-trashy movie to direct them to Proust would stay with him for more than a few pages, and how much, even if they read on, these *flâneurs* get from the book? Indeed, I wonder how much moviegoers not already familiar with the novel can make of the film—how, for example, they can deduce the Jupien business from a few scratches on Charlus's face? And for the sake of a few dubious converts, is it worth offending the faithful and desecrating the shrine? Is there salvation through sacrilege? □

SOUND ON DISC

THE JAZZ THAT WAS

Ralph de Toledano

THE JAZZ AGE of the Twenties was a social, not a musical, phenomenon, apotheosized by the uneasy novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald and the John Held flapper, and it vanished in the rubble of the stock-market crash. In the dozen years before "swing" burst on the entertainment world, the casual reader of *Variety* might well have thought that jazz itself was dead or dying. True, Paul Whiteman's orchestra, with a "hot section" buried among the violins, made noises about "symphonic jazz," and "serious" composers like Darius Milhaud and Aaron Copland incorporated a few diluted elements of the music in some of their compositions. Bix Beiderbecke and most white jazzmen gigged at college dances and made an occasional record. But for the most part, these musicians played in theater pit bands, held uncomfortable chairs in "sweet" bands that worked the ballrooms, or made frustrated livings on Hollywood sound stages.

But these were the surface manifestations. For, all along, jazz was alive and well in Harlem and Kansas City and New Orleans—wherever there were large populations of blacks able to sustain the music. James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Willie "The Lion" Smith were stripping ragtime and developing stride piano. Bessie Smith's blues *cante hondo* were selling by the millions, issued on the "race" lists. Louis Armstrong's historic Hot Five and Hot Seven records were still instructing his contemporaries and being played to a scratchy nub. Kansas City was creating a powerful orchestral style and nurturing the great reed men who would move east in the Swing Era. Fletcher Henderson was organizing great jazz orchestras, which, from time to time, moved down from their uptown theaters for a stint on Broadway. Duke Ellington and Benny Carter were synthesizing the complex tonalities that gave jazz a fuller voice. And black and white jazzmen together, collected solely for recording in that Jim Crow period, were cutting hundreds of rich and important sides.

It was to this product of the jazz continuum that DRG Records (157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019) turned when it bought the American rights to the extensive jazz archives of French Pathé, British EMI, and Disques Swing, embarking on one of the most ambitious projects in jazz history—the issuance of 320 albums of the great jazz that was. Much of this music had originally appeared in the States, but had been dropped from the catalogues—and the advent of long-playing records made what remained of the old 78-rpm shellacs obsolete. To mark this project, DRG has revived the old Swing label, founded in 1935 by Hugues Panassié and Charles Delaunay, the Paris jazz enthusiasts whose writings and entrepreneurial efforts con-

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tributed so much to the survival of jazz in Europe.

Of the first DRG-Swing reissues, let me note a two-record album, *Ridin' in Rhythm*. On it obeisance is made to Duke Ellington's earlier work. And a hat is doffed to Benny Carter, the remarkable instrumentalist and arranger whose contributions to big-band jazz, years ahead of their time, at last are receiving the recognition they deserve. The bulk of the album, however, is a celebration of that superlative tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, recording with Carter, Henderson, and a miscellany of pick-up groups. Hawkins's tone was full and rich along the whole range of his instrument, his phrasing impeccable, his improvisations restrained and close to the melody. He could take standards like "It's the Talk of the Town," or Gershwin's jumping "Lady Be Good," and, in alternating choruses with Henry "Red" Allen's solid trumpet, invest them with the jazz spirit and idiom. And they could, as well, lift the plangency of "Heartbreak Blues" right to the heart.

Chocolate Dandies 1928-1933 features what was strictly a recording band, usually led by Benny Carter and playing his arrangements. Its personnel changed from recording date to recording date—including a Who's Who of white musicians such as Maxie Kaminsky on trumpet, Jack Teagarden on trombone, and Frank Teschmacher on sweeping atonal clarinet; of black musicians such as trumpeter Rex Stewart, Hawkins, Carter himself, usually on alto but sometimes doubling on clarinet or trumpet, and trombonist J. C. (for Jesus Christ) Higginbotham. The repertory of this LP ranges from the beautifully introspective but thrusting "Dee

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ACCORDING to Peter Navarro, an economic researcher at Harvard and author of *The Policy Game: How Special Interests and Ideologues Are Stealing America* (John Wiley & Sons, $18.95), the United States has fallen victim to greedy self-seekers and well-intentioned but frequently misguided idealists whose political operations have had—and will continue to have, if they are not shortly and effectively curbed—malign economic effects in turn productive of "austerity, divisiveness, and, ultimately, needless decline."

> America has reached a point in its history where it cannot grow and prosper while buffeted by the well-meaning but often devastating consequences of misguided ideology. Nor can it any longer afford the increasingly debilitating effects of the private use of the public interest. . . . Government by and for special interests must give way to government in the public interest, a government that is unencumbered by wasteful subsidies, scandalous pork barrels, and prodigal industries prospering under the protective shelter of legislative largesse. At the same time, our ideological society must give way to the pragmatic society. We must eschew blind faith in favor of the more precise compass of sound economics, the lodestar that will guide us fastest and farthest on our journey toward national growth and prosperity.

The concern about the encroachment by special interests upon the general one is as old as the Republic itself, as Navarro notes; what particularly interests him is a perspective he has adapted for viewing the process, which he calls "the policy game."

Working from evidence developed by the historian Gabriel Kolko, the economist George Stigler, and others, Navarro develops a concept he unfortunately (not being one of the most literate authors who ever fed words to word processor) dubs the "capture-ideology framework," by which public-policy decisions can be understood as the results either of pressures applied by special-interest groups that have managed to capture the agencies of government's "unique authority to coerce" and thereby redirect wealth to their own pockets; or of those generated by ideologues whose stock is not in trade but in phantasms having approximately the same effect on the deliberations of government that sugar produces when introduced into the fuel system of the internal-combustion engine; or, in some instances, the unhappy conjunction of both. In order to rout the combined forces of greed and presumption, Navarro argues, "we as citizens, taxpayers, and voters" must learn to beat the policy-players at their own game—in order to do which we must also pay closer attention to the ways in which the professionals play it. The body of the book is devoted therefore to an explication of the development of government policy in the areas of budgeting, defense spending, agricultural price supports, and rent control—these subjects providing particularly egregious examples of the governmental disorders in question.

"By identifying both the special interests and their lobbying strategies and tactics," Navarro writes,

> the framework's political analysis alerts us to just who has captured our government and just how they are doing it. At the same time, by providing us with a price tag and catalogue of abuses, the framework's economic analysis provides us with the necessary information and incentives to speak up. . . . On those issues where public-interested ideological motives are important, the capture-ideology framework provides us with a number of levers for constructive change. First, by uncovering a "logic of ideology," the framework emphasizes that the conservative-liberal debate is as much a debate over a differing set of values, beliefs, and assumptions as it is about policy choices themselves. Acknowledging this deeper dimension to the "ideology wars" should help the nation avoid the pitfalls of "knee jerk" and irreconcilable positioning at the policy level in favor of a more informed discussion of the underlying forces that cause conservatives and liberals to disagree. While there may not always be room for movement, conducting the policy debate at this deeper level . . . should provide the possibility for more political compromise.

Although much of this book is fatuous, and all of it ill-written, it does succeed nevertheless in turning the arguments of Gabriel Kolko and other pseudo-Marxists back upon themselves by suggesting that, if the Interstate Commerce Commission (to take Kolko's well-known example) is so easily captured, then there is a case to be made not for more such commissions but for fewer of them. Even more welcome is Navarro's implicit suggestion that human self-interest manifests itself in a great many forms, of which perhaps the chief and most dangerous is not the comparatively wholesome one arising primarily from simple cash interest. □

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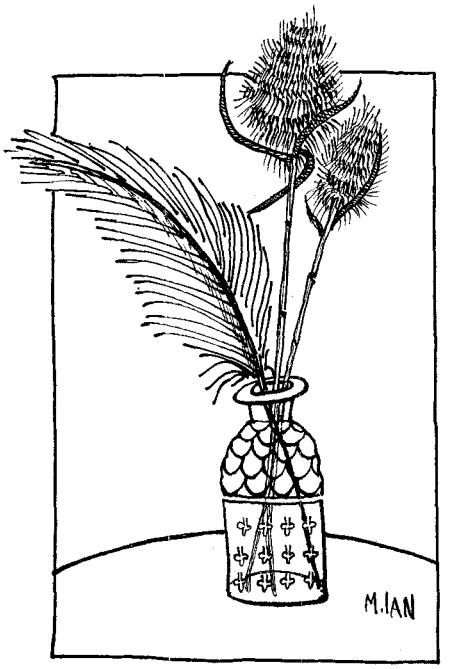

Blues" to such originals as the prurient "Four or Five Times" and the even more outspoken "Six or Seven Times" —all prime Carter and prime jazz.

For contractual reasons, Fletcher Henderson sometimes recorded pseudonymously for the smaller companies. *Fletcher Henderson & the Dixie Stompers 1925-1928* is the product of some of these sessions. It was Henderson who sired the big-band style of the Swing Era—Benny Goodman's early successes were based on Henderson arrangements, adding to them the drive and precision of the Goodman style. Those arrangements, traversed on this reissue, are full-bodied and swinging, but they allow the soloists—another Who's Who of Harlem's finest—ample opportunity to let loose with lyric or stinging improvisations. Henderson was a lax disciplinarian, and his bands played unevenly. But on the cuts presented here, he is in top form.

Fats Waller in London, another in the DRG-Swing series, is mistitled, since most of the cuts were made in New York. But it gives us the essential Fats, from gut-bucket blues to the strictly commercial, always with power and invention as the notes cascade in pounding profusion. Here he plays piano (solo or with orchestra), celeste, and organ—the last an instrument on which he could play Bach or lambaste an idle tune such as "A-Tisket a-Tasket." He could also be a sensitive accompanist, and this is demonstrated in his backing of the moanin' lows of the now-forgotten Adelaide Hall. And if, in his lifetime, Fats had to record some of Tin Pan Alley's worst, he compensated for it in his high-pitched singing by satirizing what he played and sang to the point of art.

These are the first of the DRG-Swing reissues, but if what follows is anywhere near as good, the project will give us a record shelf of the classics of jazz—the recordings that few of us have. For those who love jazz—the old and righteous jazz, as it used to be called—the opportunity is there to keep the turntable spinning with a music we had thought lost. □

THE GIMLET EYE

SOME REFLECTIONS ON CENSORSHIP

D. Keith Mano

FIRST: the dead coyote hung, for our environmental sins, on an 11-foot-tall cedar cross. Work (not coyote) executed by Paulette Nenner and seen (one night only) at NYC Park Dept. show. Miss Nenner now at work on a collection "about women making love with endangered species." Second: poster by Michael Lebrun, "TIRED OF THE JELLYBEAN REPUBLIC?" Composite photo: Ronald Reagan laughing at rainbow collection of poor folk. (Placed in D.C. subway system.) Third: wooden crate, 8×8×8 feet, made by Hans Haacke. ISOLATION BOX USED BY U.S. TROOPS IN POINT SALINES, GRENADA. (Accurate war artifact, presumably. Haacke got his description from an *NYT* report. Crate set up in City University countercultural exhibit.) You get a running fix on the political heat content here, I think.

All three of these—and others—were censored by civic or private organizations. In a panel chat held at the New York Public Library (part of its month-long convocation on censorship) Nenner-Lebrun-Haacke et al. indicted our "system" for intolerance and art unappreciation. I offer some thoughts.

The trap of civility. Art patrons presume good will—as they would in any normal client-supplier transaction. Since the Romantic period, however, artists have taken a rather uncourteous, if not aggressive, supra-social stance. Worse, given leftist artistic resentment of marketplace practice, payment is almost a *provocation*. Moreover, art intimidates the managerial class. Out of reverence for this expensive mystical business, a sponsor will seldom prescribe (or even think clearly about) political and social content beforehand. He is then snookered into an embarrassing, hostile position by the artist's uncivil behavior—and the sponsor seems hostile not to some specific ideological assault but, apparently, to free expression itself.

Whatever is, is art. The Left (and this panel in particular) will not entertain any hard definition of art. Found wood, maroon hair rinse, aluminum beer keg, they're all art. The anti-Reagan poster is patently no more an aesthetic statement than your old Coolidge button might be. But definition, you see, threatens freedom and franchise: category is bias. Suppression of a painting or a sculpture occurs only as ideological act. It is censorship, never taste. And an establishment sponsor, demoralized, insecure about his values, will seldom challenge this assumption. In no case brought out here was the artistic work taken down because of poor quality or deficient "artness"—even though such a rationale (true, false, it doesn't matter) would have set up a subjective intellectual standoff. As usual the Left has controlled language, agenda, and moral high ground.

A reasonable definition of art. Un-

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civil though it may be, I present the following straight-edge rule—before everything from *Guernica* to your sofa lizard cousin becomes museum grist. That is: art must intend to change or make more intense our sensual and emotional (not intellectual) perception of reality. (Note: I offer no distinction between good and bad art here: just art and propaganda, art and mere news.) By that rule abstract painting might be considered "total" art. Any Warhol soup can, too, would pass: it accepts a common object and, by extreme parodic attention, can force that subliminal image over the visual limen. Christ-as-coyote is art (cheap, childish, vulgar, banal, but artistic). The isolation crate, which (outside of some special gallery ambiance) essays nothing more than reportorial information, will get an F for Fraud. This particular anti-Reagan poster may work to influence intellect, but it has no sensual or emotional affect. Lebrun should be protected by the haggard, overworked First Amendment, but as hack politico, not as artist. Now wasn't that easy?

The artist as noble (and radical) savage. Because, by nature, it tends to alter and heighten reality, art is the most appropriate instrument of radical agitation. And it carries a certain special war deferment. The artist is still that semi-mythical figure: innocent, child, prophet, sufferer, prodigy. He, the Left would insist, must be exempt from polite conventional strictures. (Which is why even a demagogic and trite anti-Reagan poster will get classified by the Left as art. We aren't so lenient with brazen propagandists.) The artist, also, is most likely a deracinated individual to start with: painting and sculpture, theater and literature are high-risk, competitive, frustrating careers. For those without much real talent, political art can guarantee some attention at least. The reverse, naturally, has been true in Russia—where art compromises a different sort of establishment. Moreover, from 1968 to 1978, when the American consensus felt radical, conservative political artists were in an adversary mode. They spoke for unpopular change: and were censored, not by corporation or government, but by scathing media commentary.

The Left incites repression. Otherwise, for instance, it couldn't finagle a panel discussion like this one. By herding creative events into a political context (while artistic "sanctuary" is still claimed) the radical sculptor or painter can receive unequal media time. Censorship, in fact, is a parallel "happening" inseparable from leftist art itself. You might well ask, Should these items have been repressed in the first place? I think not. Like electric current, leftist vitality is generated by resistance. You might well ask this, too: Should these items have been merely ignored? Of course, but it isn't as simple as that. Leftists have driven a problematical wedge between corporate or governmental sponsor and the more conservative public. Another nice dilemma: outraged blue-collar citizen or expensive ACLU First Amendment lawsuit. All the above is cogent reason for both state and private institutions to get out of art sponsorship. Let leftists hang their own work. They might end up censoring each other. (This panel was funded, in part, by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Enough said.)

A poke in my gimlet eye. I step to the microphone. I note how unbalanced political representation here is. I mention the subtle, unactionable censorship—liberal press and TV—that Christian conservative artists are subject to. I am booed. Returning to my seat, I am given a swift kick in the shin by one uncivil libertarian. Now and then, you know, I get so damn *tired* of it all. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Beethoven: Letters, Journals, and Conversations, edited by Michael Hamburger (Thames and Hudson, 270 pp., $7.95)

BEETHOVEN: *Letters, Journals, and Conversations*, Michael Hamburger's 1951 anthology, is back in print—at last. The best summary of what Mr. Hamburger is up to in this classic compilation can be found in his own Introduction: "The purpose of the present collection of documents is to provide the reader with a basis upon which he may construct his own biography of Beethoven." What Mr. Hamburger does *not* say, of course, is that his translations are literal and dependable, his plan of organization masterly, his sense of what belongs in a collection of this kind unerring, and his Introduction as good a preface to Beethoven's correspondence as is possible in eight pages. The whole is as compulsively readable as an epistolary novel by, say, Choderlos de Laclos; there is no finer introduction to Beethoven's writings than this matchless, indispensable collection, which belongs next to Berlioz's *Memoirs* on the musical bookshelf of every truly civilized man.

TERRY TEACHOUT

The Turning Key: Autobiography and the Subjective Impulse since 1800, by Jerome H. Buckley (Harvard, 191 pp., $15)

OF ROBERT LOWELL'S later poems, his friend Allen Tate, who had admired the earlier ones, wrote to him that "the new ones sound to me like messages to yourself. . . . Quite bluntly, these details are of interest only to you." Jerome H. Buckley's book is a carefully and modestly written, judiciously sensitive study of a very important topic, one of its chief arguments being that much in the modern literary canon, especially "confessional" poetry and the existentially self-absorbed writing of novelists such as Henry Miller, is not only drastically overrated and unlikely to last but harmful as long as it does. Buckley begins, inevitably and rightly, with Rousseau and Wordsworth, and goes on to discuss autobiographical works by numerous English and some American writers over the last two hundred years. He offers especially illuminating discussions of Wordsworth, Mill, Arnold, Tennyson, Newman, and Ruskin, and, nearer our own time, of Joyce, Lawrence, Herbert Read, Edwin Muir, Bertrand Russell, C. S. Lewis, and Kenneth Clark. He deeply mistrusts what Lewis called the "world of incessant autobiography" that grows out of Romantic and existential self-absorption, and he quotes with approval Lewis's Chestertonian quip in *The Personal Heresy*: "To see things as the poet sees them, I must share his consciousness and not attend to it; I must look where he looks and not turn round to face him. I must make him not a spectacle but a pair of spectacles." Yet Buckley is curiously selective, and some of his omissions, especially of Americans, are striking: He says nothing at all about those founding fathers of American solipsism and antinomianism, Emerson ("Self-Reliance") and Whitman ("Song of Myself"), nor does he

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refer to Norman Mailer (*Advertisements for Myself*), their spiritual grandson. He ignores the definitive book on Emerson, Whitman, and their solipsistic cultural legacy: Quentin Anderson's brilliant and profound *The Imperial Self*. And with a psychological book of such depth and power as Ernest Becker's *The Denial of Death* available, with its brilliant discussion of the modern project of "self-deification," is it really sufficient to rely upon the theories of Erik Erikson? If Buckley's field were smaller, these omissions would be more easily justified, but "Autobiography and the Subjective Impulse since 1800" is a large order. Buckley has given us a good book; if he had confronted the work of the deepest of his peers, it might have been a great one.

M. D. AESCHLIMAN

Inside Hoover's FBI: The Top Field Chief Reports, by Neil J. Welch and David W. Marston (Doubleday, 324 pp., $17.95)

MR. WELCH is the recently retired top chief (only politics prevented his becoming the director) of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and this revealing volume is based on his papers and files, quoted at length and skillfully stitched together, with additional commentary, by Mr. Marston (whom politics nudged out of his post as U.S. Attorney for eastern Pennsylvania). One might, therefore expect a somewhat embittered memoir. Not so. Although Mr. Welch shares his colleagues' abhorrence for the "bureau" aspect of the FBI, breeding as it does overlap and stagnation, and though he defies "anyone to investigate organized crime apart from political corruption—the actors play on the same stage," his personal story ranges objectively across the criminal spectrum of recent decades. He was second in charge during the Klan investigation in Mississippi in 1964 and first in charge of the Abscam operation of 1979-80; by the 1960s he "had created the first full-time undercover surveillance squad in the history of the FBI." J. Edgar Hoover (who didn't know about it and probably would have disapproved) emerges as a man dreaded and unpredictable, but not as a liberal's dart board. There are no photographs but full annotation and a good index. Here is a book that no follower of the law-enforcement saga will wish to miss.

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THE APOLOGY BUSINESS

NEW YORK, OCT. 19

THE BUSINESS of apologizing is becoming confused, both as it relates, or seeks to do so, to ethical obligation, and as it relates to the use of language.

Consider the Mondale *v.* Bush business, to begin with.

Mr. Bush says, in a heated moment during the debate, "For somebody to suggest, as our opponents have, that these men died in shame, they had better not tell the parents of those young Marines." The reference was to the 241 Marines who were killed a year ago in Beirut by the terrorist truck driver.

What does it mean, to "die in shame"?

Did Mr. Mondale understand Mr. Bush to be saying that the Marines died shamefully? I.e., in such a way as to earn, posthumously, the contempt of their fellow citizens? If that had been intended, and communicated, then with reason one would expect Mr. Mondale to be indignant. But exactly how could it be said that the Marines died in shame?

One recalls that, on that tragic morning, the Marines were, for the most part, asleep: as one would expect, shortly after dawn, that soldiers not engaged in combat would be asleep.

What is shameful about going to sleep?

Did Mr. Bush imply that the soldiers died in shame for the knowledge that they had neglected their own security? But this is hardly plausible, for the obvious reason that one cannot know whether the Marines felt ashamed at the moment of their death; and besides, it is their superiors who have been blamed, not the soldiers, for any delinquency in attending to security arrangements.

Let us grant that we simply cannot know what on earth it was that Mr. Bush intended exactly to convey.

But Mr. Mondale's reaction was entirely specific. He denounced the Bush statement as "very very libelous." Now granted that political campaigns are not occasions that make exact contributions to the laws of English usage: Still, Mr. Mondale is a lawyer and should know that spoken words that hold one up to contempt and ridicule by the use of false charges are a matter of slander, not libel. To qualify for libel, the tortfeasor must write down, rather than merely utter, the false allegation. And then, lawyer Mondale should know that a charge does not qualify as a libel unless it is so regarded under common or positive law. For instance, if one were to publish, "Walter Mondale is a Republican," notwithstanding that the charge is untrue, it would not be libelous. It would not libel either Mr. Mondale or the poor, dead Marines if it were said of them that they died "in shame." To say of someone that he is ashamed, even if he was not, is not to libel him.

We have, then, the problem of Mrs. Ferraro. Her campaign manager attempted to squeeze everything he could out of Mr. Bush's vernacular. What happened, you will recall, was that after the debate, in the company of a few longshoremen, Mr. Bush said that (and note the words exactly), "We tried to kick a little ass last night."

Ferraro Campaign Manager Sasso tried to squeeze all the political juice he possibly could out of that one. He complained to the press, "I don't know if they are using that tone because Mrs. Ferraro is a woman or an Italian-American or a person who rose from humble origins." That is political shorthand for saying, "Everyone who is female should now be anti-Bush. Everyone who is Italian-American should be anti-Bush. And everyone who rose from humble origins should be anti-Bush." If everyone in all three categories responded, it would be a landslide for Mrs. Ferraro and the libelee, Mondale.

The problem, once again, has to do with language. Because those familiar with language are familiar with the difference between kicking "a little ass," and kicking "her little ass." The latter formulation would justifiably be thought of as invidious, though it would hardly have anything to do with Mrs. Ferraro's Italian-American origins. But the first formulation communicates nothing at all about the contestant. It means merely, "I'm going to engage in a little rough-and-tumble." Which Bush did. Which Geraldine Ferraro and Walter Mondale have been doing from the very beginning of the campaign. And, by the way, which makes it possible for Mrs. Ferraro to renew her declaration, made at the outset of her campaign, that her opponents, simply stated, are not very good Christians.

That, by the way, is not, under the law, held to be slanderous, or libelous. □

ON THE SENESCENCE OF RONALD REAGAN

NEW YORK, OCT. 15

GENERAL EISENHOWER can't have prepared for the Normandy landing more painstakingly than the legions who sprang forward to launch the great expedition to retire Ronald Reagan, Senior Senescent Citizen. Bang, one or two moments of hesitation in a public debate, and Mr. Reagan's critics, oh ever so mournfully, because they love Reagan so, conclude that the time has come for him to retire . . . the signs of strain are visible . . . his mind is deteriorating. This point has been especially hard for those of his critics to make who have specialized for 12 years in maintaining that Ronald Reagan has no mind.

For the fun of it, I called a brain specialist, Dr. Michael Gazzaniga of the Cornell Medical Center, and asked him purely on a statistical basis what all of this was about. In an hour or two, he called back and quoted from a "Summary of the 12th International Congress of Gerontology," published by the Springer Publishing Company in 1983. A quotation from Dr. K. Warner Schaie of Pennsylvania State University, to wit:

"The proportion of individuals showing reliable change over a seven-year period is as follows: From 60 to 67 [Mondale's im-

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pending age range] approximately two-thirds of our subjects remained stable, one-quarter declined; and the remaining 10 per cent showed significant gains [there is hope for Mr. Mondale?]. By contrast, from 74 to 81 [Reagan's next seven years] . . . half of our subjects remained stable, 40 per cent declined. [And] approximately 10 per cent of the subjects showed reliable gains." The doctor's conclusion? Let him say it: "What we are saying is that within a group of elderly subjects who are in good health and able and willing to participate in psychological experiments, the distinction between early and advanced old age is relatively unproductive."

On the Tuesday night following the debate, one television channel disported itself by running, back to back, responses by President Reagan given over a year or two in which he hesitated, or turned a sentence around in midstream, or used an unlicensed extra negative. The effect was to render him slightly incoherent.

Concerning that technique, a couple of observations. The first is that one would not have needed to forage through the archives to make Dwight Eisenhower appear incoherent. He regularly did so: No cryptographer could discern the meaning of some of the general's statements, though he governed coherently. The second is that the technique is available against virtually anybody who appears frequently before the camera, the hundreds and thousands of miles of old footage carefully kept and classified. Edward R. Murrow's famous half-hour television putdown of Senator Joe McCarthy began by showing a film of the senator burping. If CBS had been around 2,400 years ago I am sure it would have managed, over time, to get a burp from Socrates.

Fluency is fine, and we love it. But sometimes it becomes something more akin to glibness than to fluency, and one gets goose pimples of irritation from the boiler-plate smoothness of much political rhetoric. Professor Paul Weiss of Yale, the renowned philosopher, once said impishly, "I'm not as bright as my students. I have to think before I write."

I am lonelier and lonelier in the disposition to believe that Mr. Reagan, while concededly not in top form, as they say, hardly earned the contempt being shown for his performance on October 7. It is probably correct that he felt overburdened by subjects, or positions, his managers forbade him to touch on, or to take. It requires extraordinary virtuosity to accept the assignment, let us say, of composing a sonnet in which you are not permitted to use the letters a, d, g, or w. There are people who playfully take on such assignments, but they are virtuosi of a kind not generally associated with statesmanship. They are crossword-puzzle types, admirable in their distinctive proficiencies, which have nothing much to do with statesmanship. The notion that the wittiest man to serve as President during this century is suddenly witless up against the tired clichés of the opposition ("Mr. Reagan does not care about the poor, the lame, the young, the old, the peace lovers") is an act of self-delusion, massively urged on us by a polemical machine of quite extraordinary capacity.

Well, the guess here is that the sun will break through. Assuming, of course, that the sun isn't too old, too senile, to generate its comforting rays. Maybe tomorrow it won't even rise? It is, after all, older than Reagan. □

THE DALAI LAMA'S IN TOWN

MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCT. 8

WHILE GROMYKO, speaking to the United Nations, was cataloguing the iniquities of the West during the past forty years, the Dalai Lama made an appearance at Middlebury College, where a week-long symposium is exploring "The Christ and the Bodhisattva," an inquiry into what Buddhism can learn from Christianity, and vice versa.

A little personal background. In 1937, a delegation of Buddhist monks, as though guided by a Star of Bethlehem, arrived at a peasant's cottage in Tibet. There, alone with a two-year-old boy, they placed before him a collection of articles that had belonged to the 13th Dalai Lama: a black rosary, a yellow rosary, a walking stick, and a small ivory hand drum. Alongside these, the monks placed exact duplicates. They signaled to the baby to choose one of each of the articles, and without hesitation he put his hand on the genuine relics. He was then examined for the physical stigmata of the Buddha of Compassion, whose reincarnation was being sought. They looked for: large ears, long eyes, eyebrows curling up at their ends, streaks like those of a tiger skin on the legs, and a print resembling a conch shell on the palm of one hand. These they found, and the two-year-old was thereupon proclaimed the 14th Dalai Lama, supreme spiritual and temporal leader of Tibet.

What then happened is brilliantly recalled by John Avedon, author of *In Exile from the Land of Snows*. After the Dalai Lama fled in 1959, the Chinese Communists persevered in their genocidal fury against the gentle Buddhists of Tibet. There followed a holocaust that ranks with Hitler's and Pol Pot's: 1.2 million Tibetans killed, or one-seventh of the total population. Six hundred thousand Tibetan monks reduced to a few hundred, perhaps a thousand. "Since 1959," Avedon has written, "there have been at least fifty major uprisings [in Tibet]. There are more than 100,000 political prisoners. Amdo, Tibet's northeastern province, is home to the largest gulag in China—or anywhere in the world. It houses some ten million prisoners—most of them Chinese."

Now it is very important to remember that the only thing one is not permitted these days to say, about such regimes, is that they are the focus of evil, or the flora and fauna of an evil empire. And it is, of course, official U.S. policy that we are to understress, indeed preferably to forget, the activities of the Chinese Communists during the past 35 years.

This is not easy for the Dalai Lama to do. Interviewed several years ago, he said that the Communists claimed that they had come to Tibet to "liberate" the people. "In fact, they have brought the greatest suffering to our nation in its 2,100 years of history." But now this gentle man faces a problem, not one that he can with fluency formulate, because his English is insecure. But it boils down to this: The Chinese Communists have invited him to revisit Tibet. But negotiations, which have been going on for more than six years and are conducted under great secrecy, obviously have to do with the question: How much is the Dalai Lama willing to surrender in order to return to his country, and perhaps to bring a measure of relief to his people? On the one hand, Peking is not about to give Tibet anything like independence. On the other hand, there is vague talk of Hong Kong-type sub-sovereignty. Right now, what the Dalai Lama is experimenting with is a vague search for common idealisms, such a search as might give the Chicoms a little face.

IT GOES like this. Originally, Marxism was a liberating idea. You have all these people, crushed by the Industrial Revolution and exploited by the ruling class: and whee! you go to their rescue, and you call it Marxism. Meanwhile, Buddhism is also concerned with the liberating of man—from himself. By the use of karma, man achieves Nirvana. So, wouldn't you say that Marxism and Buddhism are, in a way, companion idealisms?

If I were to say that, you would say: "Cut out the crap, Buckley." And you would be right. But if by saying pleasant things about Marxism, and dismissing what has been done under Marxism's banner during the past few generations, you can get some relief for what is left of Tibet, why, isn't that the prudent thing to do? Or the expedient thing to do?

Or are we going to cavil on the matter of the difference between prudence and expedience? Is this worth continuing exile from the land of snows? □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ATTRACTIVE, IVY-LEAGUE, CATHOLIC single male professional, 28, in Manhattan, enjoys all outdoor sports, travel, music, intellectual conversation, humor, and repartee. Can't find intellectual female in 20s who is caring, affable, athletic, attractive, and not overbearing, to share mutual interests, good times, and autumn. Help! Photo appreciated. Write NR Box 3983.

MATURE LADY SEEKS GENTLEMAN to share the wonder and curiosity of life. Enjoys travel, museums, flora, fauna. Write NR Box 3966.

MAN, 32, independent but caring, wants to share the joys and troubles of an active yet contemplative life. Catholic, traditional moral values. Ski, hike, wind-surf, travel; influenced by Chesterton and Merton; like Bach, Mozart. I don't have to be the best ever, but I have to do my best when I try. Marriage, family desirable. Interested? I'm outside Boston. Where are you? Write NR Box 3968.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS, SENSITIVE, slim, blonde, blue-eyed Beverly Hills widow, Jewish, former Democrat, now Republican, enjoys a loving home, laughter, good conversation, good food, the arts, travel, etc., seeks responsible 60+ gentleman counterpart with permanency in mind. NR Box 3977.

MIDWEST EXECUTIVE, male, interested in bridge, writing, and finance, wishes to communicate with interesting females on almost any topic. Write NR Box 3981.

WARM-HEARTED, GREEN-EYED brunette, 27, 5'2", NYC computer whiz, world traveler, enjoys cooking, bicycling, canoeing. Seeks smart, kind, professional gentleman with traditional outlook. Write NR Box 3964.

LONG ISLAND MALE PROFESSIONAL, 35, 6', blue eyes, conservative, attractive, athletic, loves Lincoln Center, politics, music, and sports. Seeking 25- to 35-year-old sincere female. Write NR Box 3969.

NYC GIRL, 23, loves museums, bookshops, and foreign restaurants, but still misses New England countryside, would like to meet similarly placed (displaced?) fellow. Write NR Box 3976.

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CULTURED WIDOW of 50, lives on Georgia golf course, likes the outdoors, running, reading; seeks male friend. Write NR Box 3947.

PRETTY BLONDE, 23, 5'3", plays piano, bridge, tennis, softball, seeks friendly NYC-area Catholic gentleman for fun and friendship. Write NR Box 3971.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Sincere — 129 73 190 49 201 27 151 184 100

B. The study of dollars and sense? — 212 45 110 127 214 93 17 67 155

C. Breaks open — 91 46 13 139 145 191 7 65

D. Highwayman — 18 130 209 64 179 38

E. Sacred cows of the welfare set — 82 227 216 60 150 50 163 34 207 123

F. N.J. prison site — 103 25 / 162 41 2 114 94 234

G. Shyness — 112 52 135 23 228 76 166 30

H. Cry of the great horned one — 84 122 26 231

I. *Look of the great horned one?* — 160 226 47 19 183 125

J. Oven — 218 107 202 1

K. A Northeastern state — 203 11 99 164 198 78 128

L. Composure — 171 71 136 195 233 222 6 85 124 39

M. Societal dregs — 81 232 199 102 42 142 158 86

N. A city of the tribe of Benjamin (Joshua 18:24) — 133 194 141 8 37

O. Annulment — 106 24 120 182 87 208 58 215

P. *A Western state* — 206 77 189 14 175 48 152 101

Q. Nerve for smelling — 185 70 90 115 149 43 5 196 96

R. A Northwestern state — 134 204 53 159 28 111 62

S. Sorties — 59 138 12 116 205 165 95 74

T. *Incompetent* — 35 63 221 200 108

U. Virginia rebellion leader (1647-76) (full name) — 57 176 75 104 188 15 44 126 157 168 / 98 213 32 137

V. Wrongs — 153 36 147 72 230 9 118 55 167 143

W. South Sea isle — 187 69 211 21 154 109

X. Liliaceous plant (sounds disgusting!) — 51 173 31 132 161

Y. Wire cages used in catching crustaceans (2 words) — 177 217 80 146 97 56 223 16

Z. Foreshadowings — 225 4 156 119 186

a. A deadly plant — 29 68 192 181 22 144 117 172 89 54

b. Pepperidge tree — 210 169 40 105 20 113

c. Descriptive of the den or kitchen? — 10 92 220 33 178

d. Pieces for eight — 66 174 131 229 121 83

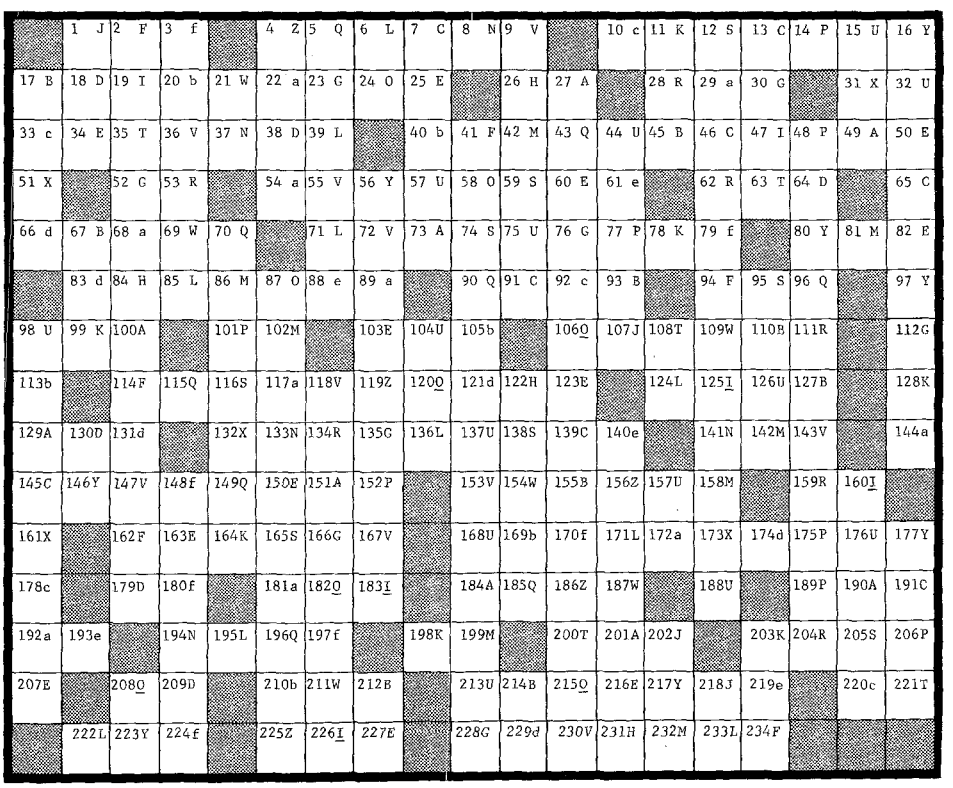
e. French high school — 219 140 61 193 88

f. Certain thoroughfares — 79 180 170 148 3 197 224

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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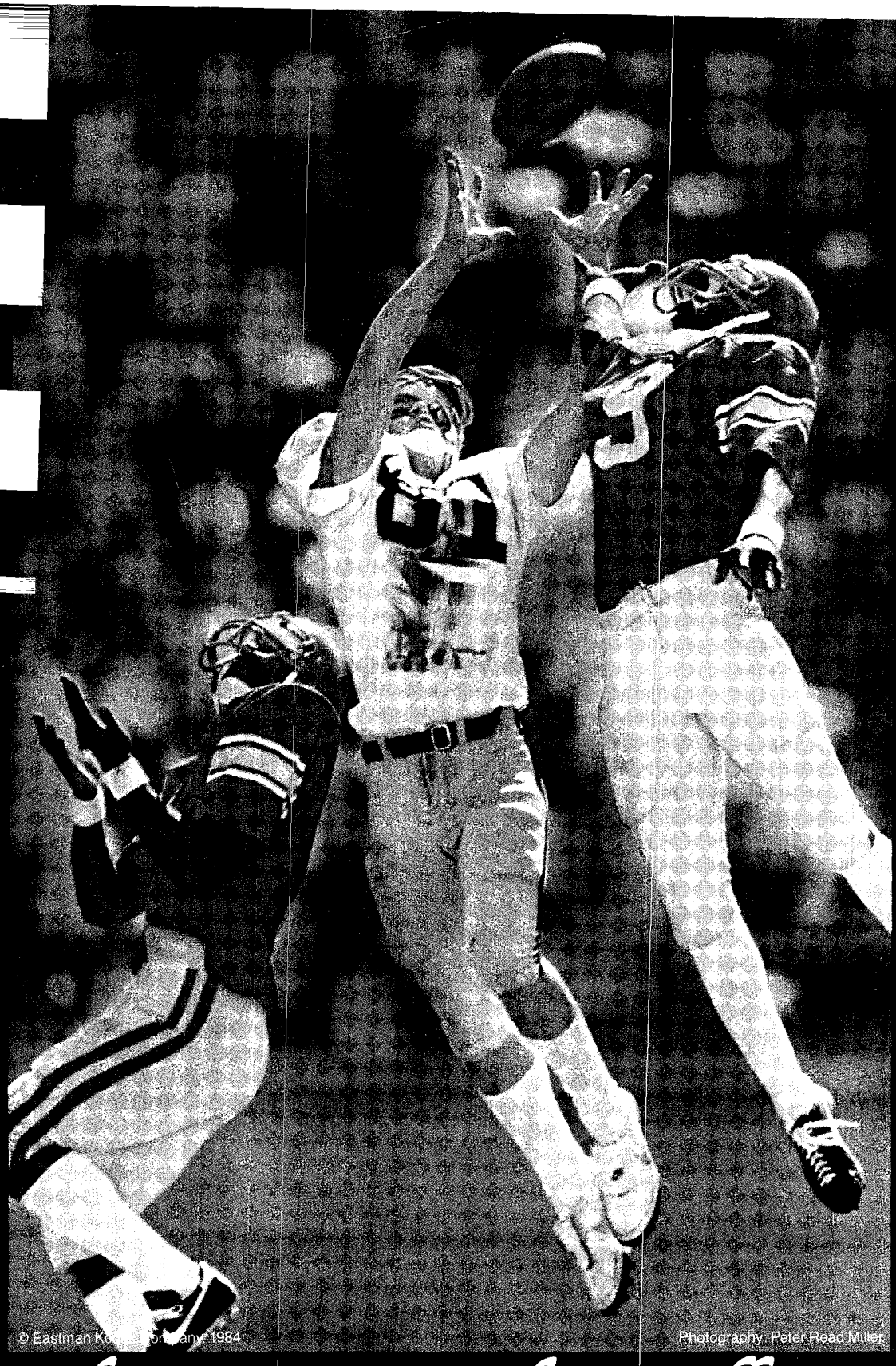

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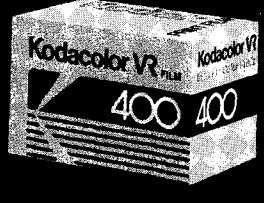
Photography: Peter Read Miller

How to stop a mid-air collision.



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